Mrs Smith

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LET THE CLOTH BE WHITE.

BY WILL CARLETON.

[DEDICATED TO THE POOR CHILDREN'S EXCURSIONS.]

I.

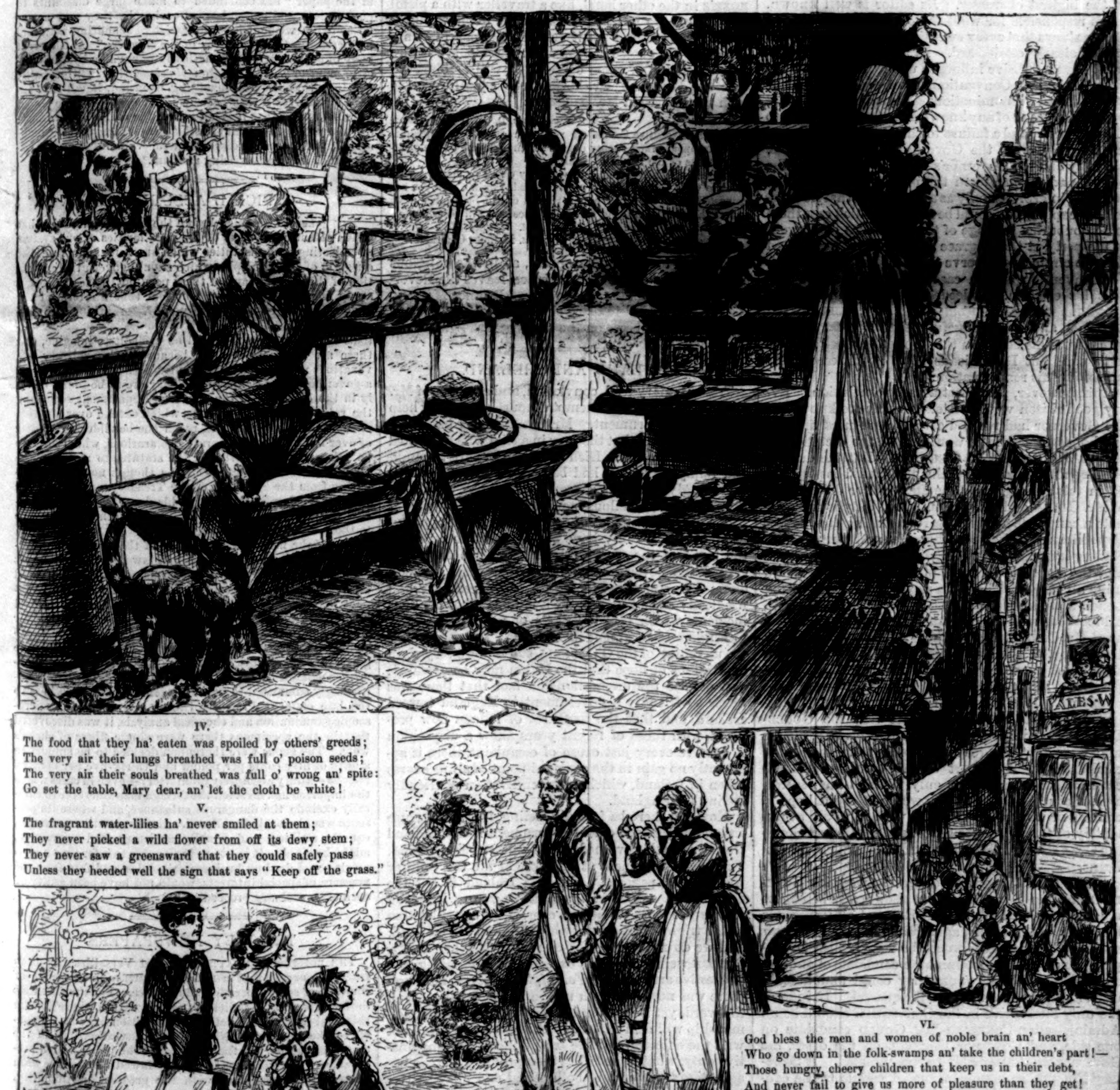
Go set the table, Mary, an' let the cloth be white!
The hungry city children are comin' here to-night;
The children from the city, with features pinched an' spare,
Are comin' here to get a breath of God's untainted air.

II.

They come from out the dungeons where they with want were chained;
From places dark an' dismal, by tears of sorrow stained;
From where a thousand shadows are murdering all the light:
Set well the table, Mary dear, an' let the cloth be white!

III.

They ha' not seen the daisies made for the heart's behoof;
They never heard the rain drops upon a cottage roof;
They do not know the kisses of zephyr an' of breeze;
They never rambled wild an' free beneath the forest trees.



IV.

The food that they ha' eaten was spoiled by others' greeds;
The very air their lungs breathed was full o' poison seeds;
The very air their souls breathed was full o' wrong an' spite:
Go set the table, Mary dear, an' let the cloth be white!

V.

The fragrant water-lilies ha' never smiled at them;
They never picked a wild flower from off its dewy stem;
They never saw a greensward that they could safely pass
Unless they heeded well the sign that says "Keep off the grass."

VI.

God bless the men and women of noble brain an' heart
Who go down in the folk-swamps an' take the children's part!—
Those hungry, cheery children that keep us in their debt,
And never fail to give us more of pleasure than they get!

VII.

Set well the table, Mary; let naught be scant or small;
The little ones are coming; have plenty for 'em all.
There's nothing we should furnish except the very best
To those that Jesus looked upon an' called to him an' blessed.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

New York, Saturday, September 2, 1882.

HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE.

An Illustrated Weekly—16 Pages.

No. 148 of Harper's Young People, *published August 29, is a very timely and attractive issue.* Mr. James Payn *follows up his stories of "Peril and Privation" with a thrilling account of "The Trials of Philip Austin."* Mr. A. W. Roberts *has some excellent "Aids for Young Anglers," illustrated with diagrams; and* Mrs. Sara Keables Hunt *contributes a characteristic sketch to accompany a drawing entitled "The Mail-Rider of the Desert."*

The number is unusually rich in fiction. The young heroes of "The Cruise of the Canoe Club" have an adventure in camp, which the familiar pencil of Mr. Rogers *illustrates;* Miss E. M. Traquair *narrates a true incident of sea-side life, under the title of "Willie's Adventure"; and the first part of a story by* Miss Annette Noble, *illustrated by* Mr. W. P. Snyder, *tells "How Billy went up in the World." "The Friday Picnic" is a humorous short story from the pen of* Mr. Matthew White, Jun.

Apart from the illustrations accompanying the stories, the principal pictorial features of the present issue are "The Rabbit Hutch," and an excellent drawing by Mrs. T. W. Dewing, *entitled "The Dancing Goat."*

THE GOULD-CONKLING SCANDAL.

It is useless to say that the charges of attempted corruption of the Governor which have been brought by the Albany *Evening Journal* against Mr. Roscoe Conkling are anonymous. The *Journal* is a paper of the highest character. Its editor is well known. He is responsible for what the *Journal* says, and the *Journal* says that every essential fact in its statements can be clearly established. In any case, the charges must have a decisive influence upon the action of the Republican State Convention, of which Governor Cornell will ask a renomination. An unqualified denial by Mr. Conkling of any knowledge of a corrupt offer to the Governor, and a failure to substantiate the charge upon the part of the Governor, would, of course, abruptly end the Governor's political career. On the other hand, silence upon the part of Mr. Conkling could be interpreted only as a confession that no satisfactory explanation could be made, in which case there is no doubt that the rage of the Conkling contingent of the party at the disgrace of their chief would lead them to strain every nerve to defeat the Governor in the Convention, and in case of failure there, to prevent his election. Indeed, the certain and deadly opposition of Mr. Conkling and Mr. Gould to the Governor, and the revengeful satisfaction they would derive from his defeat in the Convention, are held by some excellent Republicans to be good reasons for supporting his renomination.

This, however, is at least a hasty conclusion. Every good citizen would certainly rejoice to know that the Governor had resisted corrupt overtures, and every honest Republican would repel the dictation of Messrs. Jay Gould and Conkling. But the duty of the Republican party is plain, and should be performed in total disregard of the approval or disapproval of Mr. Gould and his agents. That duty is to nominate a candidate who, while representing the highest Republican principle and character and purpose—including frustration of the illicit schemes of Mr. Gould, and the political methods of Mr. Conkling—would unite all Republicans in his support. A Republican, honest and independent, who is opposed to the political methods which are as much those of the Governor as of Mr. Conkling, and whose nomination would be the earnest of political progress and reform, as well as of check upon the venal prospects of grasping corporations, is the candidate that Republicans should nominate. It would be a singular reason for refusing to support such a candidate that the Gould-Conkling combination, which would heartily dislike him, would yet vote for him in order to defeat another candidate. The support of the Gould-Conkling combination is suspicious only when it can control, and of course any candidate whom it could hope to control, or who is in sympathy with it, would be resolutely opposed by three sections of the Convention—the Cornell, and Garfield, and Independent Republicans.

There is a bitter personal quarrel between Mr. Conkling and the Governor. But they really belong to the same political school. It is not at all impossible that circumstances may again unite as they have now separated them, and it would be very foolish for Republicans to refuse to nominate a candidate of another and a better school, whom they could undoubtedly elect, in order to take part in the quarrel. If, indeed, the only alternative in the Convention should be an Administration-Conkling-Jay Gould candidate on one side, and Governor Cornell on the other, the Governor would probably be renominated. If Secretary Folger, as is now intimated, should be the candidate of the combination that we have mentioned, we doubt whether, with the present feeling in the State, he could be nominated. Under existing circumstances, we do not believe that the vote of the delegates in the Convention who really desire the nomination of such a man as Mr. Wadsworth could be carried to Mr. Folger as against Mr. Cornell, because that would be to take sides with the Gould-Conkling combination, which they will not do. But if the choice of the Convention should lie between an upright, independent, and courageous anti-machine Republican and the Governor, we can not see that the defeat of the former would be a gain for any good cause whatever.

SENATOR MAHONE'S ASSESSMENTS.

The other day a Virginia paper published the form of a printed circular which Senator Mahone uses in asking appointments of postmasters in Virginia. It has the air of business, and is substantially an order for the appointment.

It is stated in the *Times* that Mr. Abram Fulkerson, a Representative in Congress from the Ninth District of Virginia, is not properly obedient to Senator Mahone, and that the Administration has promised to send Mr. Fulkerson into exile as Minister to Peru in order to relieve the Senator of a refractory subject. Such a story would be incredible except for the general understanding that the Senator represents the Executive authority in Virginia.

We add to this interesting budget of information concerning Senator Mahone's political methods a copy of a letter sent by him to a clerk in one of the departments in Washington who is credited to Virginia. The circumstances of the clerk, who receives but a small salary, make the requisition peculiarly outrageous. He has already received Hubbell's demand for a voluntary contribution, and holding Mahone's in the other hand, like a traveller with a pistol at each ear, he probably feels, in the noble words of Secretary Folger, "as if in the religious meeting-house of his choice the preacher should lay before him the needs of some cause." It will be observed that the Reverend Mr. Mahone is equally specific with the Reverend Mr. Hubbell:

> "Washington, D. C., *August* 8, 1882.
>
> "By the Executive Committee you are requested to contribute to our campaign fund twenty dollars for the purpose of the pending canvass of the Readjuster party.
>
> "If you will, please remit this sum by check or money postal order to C. C. Clark, Treasurer, Richmond, Virginia, and you are requested so to do on or before the 1st day of September next, and at the time of making this remittance you will please notify the undersigned on the back of this sheet. Respectfully,
>
> "Wm. Mahone, Chairman."

The last touch of this appeal, as in the religious meeting-house of the clerk's choice, leaves the Reverend Brother Hubbell in the rear. Brother Mahone is plainly resolved to draw the line, by their own attested evidence, between the sheep and the goats.

ENGLAND AND IRELAND.

The summary trial, conviction, and sentence of Mr. Gray in Dublin for contempt of court can hardly help the British government. Mr. Gray's paper published a letter asserting that the jury in a trial which resulted in a conviction of an Irish Liberal was partly drunk, and implying that it had been packed. These were exceedingly injurious charges; but if they were true, they were not libellous, nor was their publication if true a proper contempt of court. Time and opportunity should certainly have been allowed to establish the truth of the charges, because if true they concerned the government more nearly than anybody else. The summary procedure was necessarily and needlessly exasperating, and it is just one of the little incidents which feed the flame of furious antipathy to English government in Ireland. The speeches at the unveiling of the O'Connell statue were very plain expressions of hope that the Union may be repealed; and despite the unquestionable fact that there was never so friendly a government in England toward Ireland, and that the measures of redress now proposed, with those of recent years, show a disposition to remove every just cause of complaint, there is apparently no gain in the essential point of all measures taken in Ireland, which is the cultivation of friendly feeling for England.

How can there be friendly feeling, it is asked, since Ireland is deprived of self-government? But Ireland was never self-governed. She was never a nation. The Irish Parliament at the close of the last century was only a pageant. National Ireland is but the dream of a school of imaginative young Irishmen forty years ago. That, however, is not a justification of the frightful treatment which Ireland has received, and we do not mention it as such. Further, as Mr. Godkin well says in his exceedingly interesting and suggestive article in the *Fortnightly Review*, although there was never an Irish nation in the usual sense of the word, yet it is a fixed Irish idea, and wise statesmanship will deal with the fact of the feeling, and not with the chimera. If the Irish difficulty be imaginative only, what remedy has been provided for the imagination? Or if it be both actual and imaginative, how can an actual remedy alone avail?

Ireland is an integral part of the British Empire. If it be decided that she must remain so, and that anything else is out of the question, then, in view of Irish history, is not the first thing to do to give Ireland some reason for pride in the British Empire? Can this be accomplished without showing that the Irish people are trusted? And is not this worth some risk and trouble? The Viceregal Lodge in Dublin is the focus of Irish hatred. Looking at the history of a century and a half, is this surprising? But suppose an Irishman, an Irish leader—suppose Mr. Parnell in the lodge as Irish Viceroy, or as Secretary for Ireland—could there be any evidence so conclusive of the fair and friendly purpose of England? Of course if the Irish feeling is such that any leading Irishman who should become a part of the administration would be considered for that reason a traitor to his country, the situation would be desperate. In that case, as in America a hundred years ago, there must be absolute conquest and subjugation or separation. But it is not to be supposed that such is the case, and since everything else has been tried, why not try the obvious and reasonable policy?

A SINGULAR COINCIDENCE.

> "For though on 'office' he was bent
> He had a frugal mind."

Mr. Frank Hatton is First Assistant Postmaster-General, and he is also editor-in-chief of the Burlington *Hawkeye*, in Iowa. It is the official duty of the First Assistant Postmaster-General to prepare "all cases for the appointment of all postmasters, agents, postal clerks, mail messengers, and department employés," and to attend "to all correspondence consequent thereto." The *United States Postal Guide* is an official publication of the Post-Office Department, although issued by a private firm. The *Postal Guide* now contains an advertisement stating that Mr. Hatton is the chief editor of the *Hawkeye*, and announcing that the management of the paper "has concluded to make large discounts to postmasters and general agents, whereby they may act as missionaries without loss, and assist in benefiting mankind by increasing the circulation of the *Hawkeye*." As the great body of postmasters are practically removable by the editor-in-chief of the Burlington *Hawkeye*, they will probably conclude that besides benefiting mankind, it will not injure themselves if they become active agents for the paper. We understand that it is only since the editor of the *Hawkeye* became First Assistant Postmaster-General that the management of the paper discovered the value of the Post-Office Guide as an advertising medium.

OFFICIAL ABSURDITIES.

The general discussion before the Tariff Commission has called attention to some of the peculiarities of our system of collecting customs duties which are quite apart from the question of the principles which should govern the imposition of these duties, and of these peculiarities some deserve study from the gentlemen who fear that a reform of the civil service will lead to bureaucracy. Anything more exquisitely ludicrous than some of the incidents of our customs administration it would be difficult to imagine, and these are the more striking because their arbitrary and vexatious nature is in direct contradiction to the theory of a government for the people. They are to be found mainly in the decisions of the Treasury Department regarding the rates of duties on imports, which extend over a period of some fourteen years, and reach the bewildering volume of over five thousand separate declarations, which have to be taken with the letter of the statutes to make up the body of the law. These decisions, though nominally emanating from the Secretary of the Treasury, are in fact the work of a subordinate clerk in his department, who exercises judicial functions scarcely inferior in their importance to those of the minor federal courts.

One of the most prolific sources of this tremendous current of decisions is the provision of law that "in all articles manufactured from two or more materials the duty shall be assessed at the highest rates at which any of its component parts may be chargeable." This clause was applied during 1875 and 1876 to certain articles known as "calf-hair fabrics," made of cotton and calf's-hair, and used in cheap cloaks and sacques for women's wear. Dealers with whose goods these came into competition submitted to the department a charge that they contained wool. They were accordingly submitted to various scientists, among others to the late eminent Professor Henry. By means of microscopic examination and chemical analysis, it was discovered that in the specimens there were single fibres of sheep's wool. The goods were thereupon decided to be subject to a duty of fifty cents per pound and thirty-five per cent. *ad valorem*—a duty absolutely prohibitory—even in cases where the importer had directed the foreign manufacturer to carefully exclude the dangerous substance, and where its presence was obviously accidental. Numerous other instances, equally striking and equally arbitrary and oppressive, might be cited. It is not unreasonable to infer that a civil service organized on business principles, and free from the pressure of special interests, would not have been guilty of such extraordinary proceedings.

TRIAL BY NEWSPAPERS.

The notorious Fenayrou trial at Versailles has been made the occasion of a radical departure in the mode of conducting such proceedings in France. For the first time in the history of the judiciary of Paris, within whose domain this trial falls, all the details of the action have been opened to the reporters. Not only the investigations of the *Juge d'instruction*, but the inquiries of the police which preceded, and the trial itself which followed these, have been allowed to be described with the greatest particularity. The result is an opportunity to study, with great fullness, the peculiarities of the French criminal procedure, and if the same policy be followed with reference to a few more cases that shall attract equal attention, it can not fail to lead to some wholesome reforms, for even the community of Paris, with its ordinary stolid and unquestioning respect for authorized methods, must be impressed with the tremendous opportunities for abuse of the power extending to life and death now possessed by the French judiciary. The immediate result, however, is quite different, and by no means so desirable. The case is one of assassination, of the most revolting character, in which the criminals were Fenayrou and his wife, assisted by his brother, and the victim a paramour of the wife. All of these belonged to the *petite bourgeoisie*, the small shop-keeper class, one degree only above the working people. The publication of the proceedings connected with the detection of the crime, the arrest and pursuit of the criminals, and their trial, has led to a free discussion of every phase of the case. Writers in the chief journals have made themselves partisans of the husband or the wife respectively, and the degree of their relative guilt was fixed in advance of the result of the trial, with a freedom from reserve and an absolute indifference to the effect upon the jury that shock a mind accustomed to English or American methods in regard to such matters. Albert Wolff, for instance, one of the most popular and audacious of the *chroniqueurs* of the daily press, published on the morrow of the first day of the trial an article attacking the woman Fenayrou with an elaborate ferocity and a calculated brutality that would be simply impossible in a journalist of this country. Certainly the French judiciary have enjoyed too great immunity from the wholesome restraints of publicity and general criticism, and have been permitted in criminal cases to exercise an arbitrary power that has led to great injustice, but with the marked tendency now existing to bring the judges into closer relations with party government, there is great danger that the former sources of injustice will be found to have been far less prolific than those involved in these trials in the press. The introduction of proper modes of questioning and cross-questioning witnesses is the most obvious requirement of reform in French trials, in order that the whole truth may fairly be got before the jury; but this need not be accompanied by such journalistic license as that of which Paris has just experienced an outburst.

FIRES AND BUILDING LAWS.

Mr. Shaw, the Chief of the London Fire Brigade, is at present in this country studying the means for extinguishing fires employed in American cities. No doubt these are the best in the world, although we ought not to extract too much satisfaction from that fact, since their very perfection testifies that our building is the worst in the world. One of the officers of our own Fire Department expresses surprise that London should be able to get on with less than half the force required in New York, and attributes the difference to the fact that in London by-standers are impressed to put out fires as they are not in New York. But the difference is that London is better built than New York. We have nothing at all to learn from the fire departments of Paris, Florence, and Vienna, which are indeed absurd according to our way of thinking, but they are all that those incombustible cities need, and with all their absurdity the loss by fire is much less in proportion to the population than in New York with its superlatively efficient Fire Department. Mr. Shaw, in his innocence, took the standard of construction required by the building-law as the actual standard of construction in New York, and thought that the law would produce better buildings than the London law. Mr. Shaw is likely to learn something before he leaves these shores about other things than fire departments.

DUELS AND "LAWSUITS."

The trial of what is called the Addison-Garland duel in Virginia is a hopeful social symptom, like the trial of Cash in South Carolina. The encounter in which Addison lost his life was not properly a duel, but a mere scuffle. There is no doubt that Garland meant to kill him, and as little that Addison had what is considered in the South due notice of this intention. The killing of Shannon by Cash, although really much more in the nature of a cold-blooded murder than the killing of Addison, had the advantage over it of being done according to all the formalities of the code. Cash escaped, and the jury before which Garland was tried acquitted him almost without deliberation. But the fact that Cash and Garland have been put on trial for murder is none the less gratifying. Time was when the killing of one man in the South by another, where there had been a previous quarrel, and where both men were armed, was not considered an incident of sufficient importance to warrant any judicial investigation. The old Southern feeling on this point is not very much exaggerated in the familiar story which relates the shooting by a Southron of the carpet-bagging postmaster who refused to trust him for postage stamps: "And do you know, sir, it was all the Colonel and his friends could do to prevent there bein' a lawsuit about that thing." If a Southerner who kills another in a duel or an informal "difficulty" is hereafter to be subjected to the inconvenience and expense of a "lawsuit," the practice of murder will lose some of its attractions, and after it has become well recognized that murder is indictable and triable, it may become punishable, and may ultimately even come to be attended with some degree of social disrepute.

ESCAPE FROM NEW YORK.

It must strike a good many New-Yorkers, as they are returning or preparing to return from the distant regions in which they have sought refuge during the summer, whether on this side of the ocean or the other, that this great community is singularly imprisoned on Manhattan Island. There are few large cities approaching New York in size surrounded by so many pleasant places, and yet from which escape is so difficult. Within a few years there have sprung up at Coney Island and Long Branch and in their vicinity resorts which afford comfort to many hundreds of New York families, and the means of reaching them are fairly tolerable, but by no means what they should be. At the same time there are on the shores of Long Island Sound, in the rolling country of Westchester County, among the hills of New Jersey, and along the Hudson, many other places which only need easy, rapid, and frequent communication to make them the summer homes of thousands, where now only hundreds resort to them. As one instance, the country between the Harlem and New Haven roads and the Sound is exceedingly picturesque, and, with proper care in the mode of life, is exceedingly healthful. The scenery is not only varied, but in its freshness and simplicity has a peculiar charm for the city resident. The water is pure, and generally abundant. The temperature is almost uniformly at a comfortable point. The whole region might readily be brought within an hour's easy ride from the heart of the business quarter. But it is comparatively deserted, because in reaching it the delay, discomfort, and inconvenience are a practically insuperable barrier. If the managers of the Harlem and New Haven roads would organize a system of rapid and frequent trains, with clean and comfortable cars, with attractive stations at frequent intervals, they might in the next decade build up a most profitable business, to the great advantage of the people of the city. Those who can command long vacations have an embarrassment of choice as to where to spend them. What the city needs is some means by which those who are dependent on one or two days of rest and refreshment to keep the springs of energy in action during the long summer months can avail themselves of the country round about.

THE KEELY PUZZLE.

Whatever other results the much-enduring Mr. Keely's generator has accomplished or failed to accomplish, it has generated a large amount of enthusiasm at a very high pressure among Mr. Keely's acquaintances. Not long ago Mr. Keely's stockholders, fearing lest he should die with all his music in him, and leave his machine not as a force, but as a puzzle to posterity, procured an order from the court requiring the inventor to make an ante-mortem statement, so to speak, to an expert to be appointed by the court. This expert, Boekel by name, and by repute, it is said, an eminent engineer, has been appointed, and after attempting for some weeks to pluck the heart out of Mr. Keely's mystery, has made a report in which he sets forth that Keely has discovered a new motive power, that the novelty of the force and the variety of its manifestations make it very difficult to devise such a method of practically applying this force as will meet the requirements of the patent law, and that he would not advise such an application until he himself is enabled, without the assistance of Keely, to take the machine apart and put it together again, and to reproduce Keely's results.

There are persons, no doubt, who will consider this report proof of the incompetency of its author, and will make haste to suggest that his suspicions have been allayed with Keely motor stock. But assuming, as it is easier as well as pleasanter to do, the honesty and competency of the reporter, his report does away with the hypothesis of a steam-engine in the cellar, by which incredulous persons have endeavored to explain away the results reached by Keely. It seems likelier that Keely has really discovered a new force, the nature of which neither he nor anybody else knows much about. This is not at all surprising when we reflect that electricity, for example, has been known in its results since the beginning of history, while no successful effort was made even to assert these results until Franklin's time, and it has only been in our own generation that the force itself has been practically utilized, and we have only gone far enough to see how illimitably further our successors may go. It is quite possible both that Keely's discovery is of the first importance, and that nobody now living may see any practical good come of it. Meanwhile Keely is sustained by the court's expert in taking Galileo's ground—*E pur si muove.* The motor does move things.

PERSONAL.

Mr. John I. Blair, one of the most opulent men in New Jersey, has given $15,000 toward rebuilding Grinnell College, Iowa, recently destroyed by a cyclone. Mr. Blair has paid nearly a million of dollars of school taxes in Iowa. He has several millions of dollars invested in Iowa railroads and lands.

—Miss Lucretia Noble, of Wilbraham, Massachusetts, author of *The Reverend Idol*, is described in the Boston *Transcript* as "quite short of stature and plump, having pretty dimpled hands, which she moves about with that childish effect one sees sometimes in hands quite small and just a little fat. She is what might be termed a sparkling brunette, having very bright eyes, a glitter of white teeth, and a brilliant complexion. Miss Noble is, however, no longer in her first youth, having possibly reached thirty-five."

—The late Senator Hill, of Georgia, was, in the best sense of the word, a self-made man. His father was a poor man, with nine children, seven of whom were boys, who all assisted in the manual labor of the plantation. He would always have a school-house, a church, and a temperance society near his house. In each he was an officer. He was able to send only two of his sons to college. "After," said the Senator, "I was pronounced prepared to enter college, my father decided he was not able to send me. A family consultation was held. My mother insisted on my going. She had always had what was called her 'patch,' which was near the house, and was cultivated by her house hands when not needed at house-work. This patch had always been my mother's pin-money, amounting to from $50 to $100. My mother said she would contribute this to my college expenses, and would make my clothes at home besides. An old aunt of my mother's, who lived in a small house in my father's yard, and had some means (small) and no children, agreed to contribute as much more. My father agreed to add the balance, and I promised that all my college expenses of every kind should not exceed $300 per annum. I promised my mother I would take the first honor in my class. I redeemed this promise. The proudest day of my life was when I wrote to my parents that I had taken the first honor in my class, and all the honors of the literary society of which I was a member."

—Sir John Rose, a financial and railway magnate, who owns one-fifth of the Canada Pacific Railway, was recently in St. Paul after inspecting his road. He is tall and angular in appearance, yet very genial in manner, though very modest and unassuming.

—Joseph Crosby, of Zanesville, Ohio, has been elected an honorary member of the Royal Society of Literature of Great Britain, of which Prince Leopold is president.

—John Bright, at the recent celebration of his seventieth birthday, made a remark to the fifteen hundred men in the employment of his firm which explains much in his career, and shows that no man can give himself up successfully to the public service who is burdened and trammelled with private business. "I have been greatly fortunate," said Mr. Bright, "in one respect—that, although connected with a large and increasing and somewhat intricate business, yet I have been permitted to be free from the employments and engagements and occupations of business by the constant and undeviating generosity and kindness of my brother, Thomas Bright."

—Arabi Pasha is described as a tall, heavy-faced man, sullen, swarthy, with only a clear eye to soften the general harshness of expression, and a black mustache to hide a badly carved mouth. His legs look too frail for the rest of his body. He is a bulky, broad, thick-chested fellow, built on the lobster pattern. As a spectacle, not pretty.

—Congressman C. D. Prescott, of Rome, New York, is a versatile man. A few Sundays since, the Rev. Mr. Peabody, pastor of the Baptist Church in that town, was absent, yet the congregation were not disappointed, for Congressman Prescott stepped into the pulpit, and preached a sermon that quite "filled the bill."

—Mr. James E. Cooley, who died recently in Italy, was many years ago prominent in the business and public affairs of New York. Thirty years ago, 1852–3, he represented the First District of this State (Staten Island, etc.) in the Senate, soon after which he retired from politics. He possessed an ample fortune, and for the last twenty-five years had resided abroad, chiefly in Florence, where his daughter married Mr. Maquay, of the well-known English banking-house of Maquay & Packenham. Mr. Cooley was a man of striking personal presence, very intelligent, well-read, and of refined tastes and habits. He married a sister of the Messrs. Appleton, publishers, of this city.

—Secretary Folger, when in the Senate of New York, after having made a speech, was once addressed by President Andrew D. White, of Cornell University, who was also at that time a Senator, who said: "I have just solved a perplexity that I have been in. I have been trying for a long time to determine who it is that you are like, and it has come to me—it is Benjamin Franklin." "Very likely," said Mr. Folger, "for Franklin's mother was a Folger."

—The body of Stephen Girard lies in a sarcophagus in the vestibule of the main college building, which is built after the model of a Grecian temple, its thirty-four Corinthian columns measuring 6 feet in diameter, and are 55 feet high, and cost $15,000 each. The college opened with 95 pupils in 1848, and the running expenses were but $47,000 a year. The will of Girard contemplated only 300 pupils; there are at present 1100 boys in the institution, and it requires $365,000 a year to maintain it, or $1000 a day. This pays all salaries of teachers and officials, and provides heat, light, food, and clothing for the inmates—in fact, every expense. The first year there were 5 teachers, now there are 39.

—Cetywayo, the Zulu king, is greatly delighted with England and his treatment by the government and people. "If," he said, "I could only live in a country like this, I should want for nothing more on this earth." The cattle attracted his attention, and he expressed surprise that after feeding on such soil the herds did not become so fat as to be unable to rise. "Why," said he, "did a nation so grand, a people so numerous, make war upon a man so little as the Zulu? Why did you not ask me to run away, to get out of Zululand? That would have been noble of you, and kind to me."

—A gentleman who formerly acted as an amanuensis to Charles Dickens has given to a representative of the Louisville *Commercial* the following in reference to the work and ways of Mr. D.: "I did short-hand work for Mr. Dickens for eighteen months. I did not take dictations for any of his novels—only his fugitive pieces. He dictated to me most of his articles in *All the Year Round.* He was a very clever gentleman to those under him. He always treated me very well indeed. Most people seem to think Dickens was a ready writer. This was by no means the case. He used to come into his house in St. Catherine Street about two o'clock in the morning, and begin dictating. He would walk up and down the floor several times after dictating a sentence or a paragraph, and ask me to read it. I would do so, and he would, in nine cases out of ten, order me to strike out certain words and insert others. He was generally tired out by eleven o'clock, and went down to his club on the Strand. A very singular thing was that he never dictated the closing paragraphs of his story; he always finished it himself."

—Canon Farrar recently alluded publicly in London to Mr. James Russell Lowell as "one who is at once the American Minister and the first of the living American poets."

—There will be a great to-do among the lawyers of New York next year. The Bar Association have invited Lord Chief Justice Coleridge to visit this country as their guest, and he has accepted the invitation. "M'lud" is said to be very appreciative of things poculent, and that is a branch of human endeavor to which the New York lawyer has ever devoted the finest of his personal and social efforts.

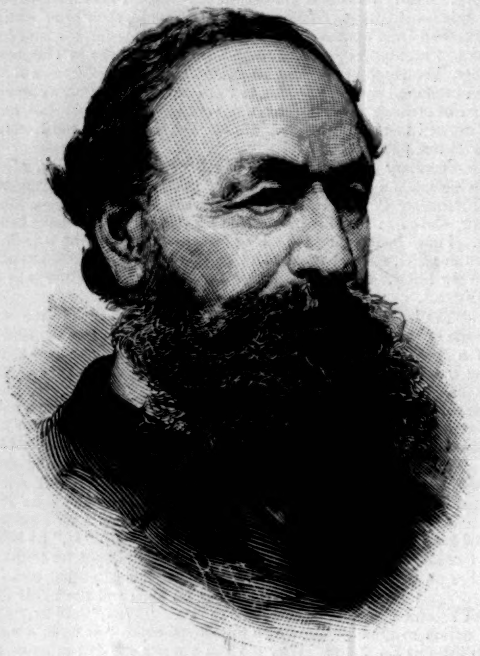
—Bicyclers will be interested to know of some remarkable deeds that have recently been performed on that vehicle in England. First was the re-appearance of the most popular rider ever known in that country, the Hon. Ion Keith Falconer, after some years of absence and study of Arabic and Persian in the East. During his absence various unsuccessful attempts have been made to surpass the brilliant two-mile record which he left behind him. Making a little pleasure trip, in the vilest weather, from Land's End to John o' Groat's, a distance of nearly 1000 miles, by way of preliminary breather, he competed first of all in the five-mile championship, but had to be content with second place to J. S. Whatton, the Oxford Blue. On Saturday last he, however, was enabled to bring his wonderful stamina into use, and won the fifty-mile championship with tolerable ease, after some magnificent racing. His time, 2:43:55⅕, is far and away the best for the distance, as it well may be. The other bicycling wonder, H. L. Cortis, has at length succeeded in accomplishing, at the third attempt (the first cost him a broken arm), the feat of covering twenty miles within the hour; but at the same time, in the same contest, another Oxford Blue, W. K. Adam, placed the three-mile record to his credit, his time being 8:41⅕. These performances are all wonderfully good, but the recent calm weather has been greatly in favor of fast time.

—This pleasant paragraph about Bayard Taylor is written by Lieutenant-Colonel Ramsay, whose *Recollections* were recently published by the Blackwoods: "I complimented him," he says, "upon the excellent manner in which he spoke English, which was surprising for a foreigner. 'But I am not a foreigner,' he said. 'Well, a German, then.' 'But I am not a German.' I tried various other nationalities, but without success, when he said, 'Is there no other nation but that small island of yours that talks English?' I said: 'How stupid of me! Of course you are an American, and Bayard Taylor,' to which he confessed. The purity with which he spoke English, and the careful grammatical construction of his sentences, along with the total absence of any accent, led me at first to think that he was neither English nor American. He was a most charming companion. I never met a man with more versatile talent or greater powers of fascination. As a conversationalist I should say he was almost unrivalled. His powers of memory were also prodigious. He used often to recite to us whole poems in the Norse language. With every dialect he seemed to be familiar, in German especially so. At the Vienna Exhibition he spoke for an hour or so in that language on some public occasion." Bayard Taylor had a droll habit of making verbs. In the editorial room of the *Tribune*, one day, conversation turned upon a man who was noted for his miserly habits. "Don't you think him very penurious?" asked a colleague. "Well," replied Taylor, "he *penures* a good deal!"

THE DEATH OF MR. DE PEYSTER.

The venerable Mr. Frederic de Peyster, whose honorable and useful life came to an end on the 17th of August, at the residence of his only child, General J. Watts de Peyster, at Tivoli-on-the-Hudson, will long be remembered for his many valuable services to the community in which his distinguished ancestors had dwelt for more than two hundred years. He was a man of singular uprightness and purity of character, a broad philanthropist, and an ardent lover of art and literature. He was born in Hanover Square, in this city, November 11, 1796. He was the third son of Captain Frederic de Peyster, who was the eighth child of Colonel James Abraham de Peyster, also of New York. The latter was the son of the Hon. Abraham de Peyster, of this city, whose father was de Heer Abraham de Peyster, who was born in New York, the third child of Johannes de Peyster, who came here from Haarlem, Holland, in 1645, when only twenty-five years of age.

The family has always held a foremost place in our annals, The late Mr. De Peyster was a graduate of Columbia College, and a lawyer. He has probably been connected as an active officer with more social, literary, and benevolent societies than any other New-Yorker who ever lived. At the time of his death he held the presidencies of the Historical Society and of the New York Society Library. He was an industrious pamphleteer and a popular speaker, and was greatly respected in private as well as in public life.

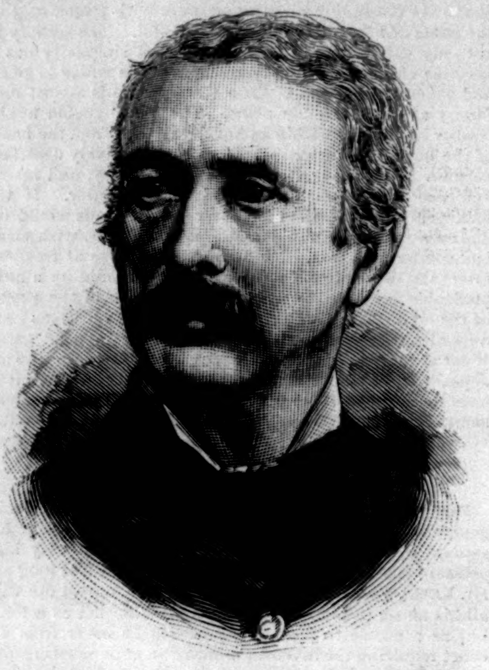

THE LATE FREDERIC DE PEYSTER.

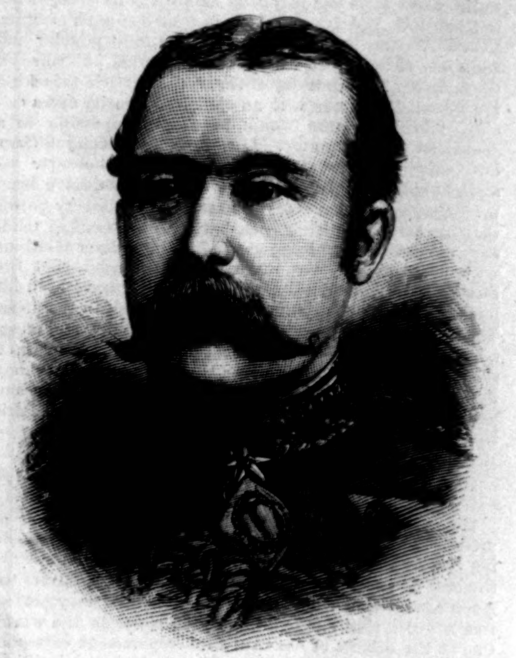
BRITISH COMMANDERS IN EGYPT.

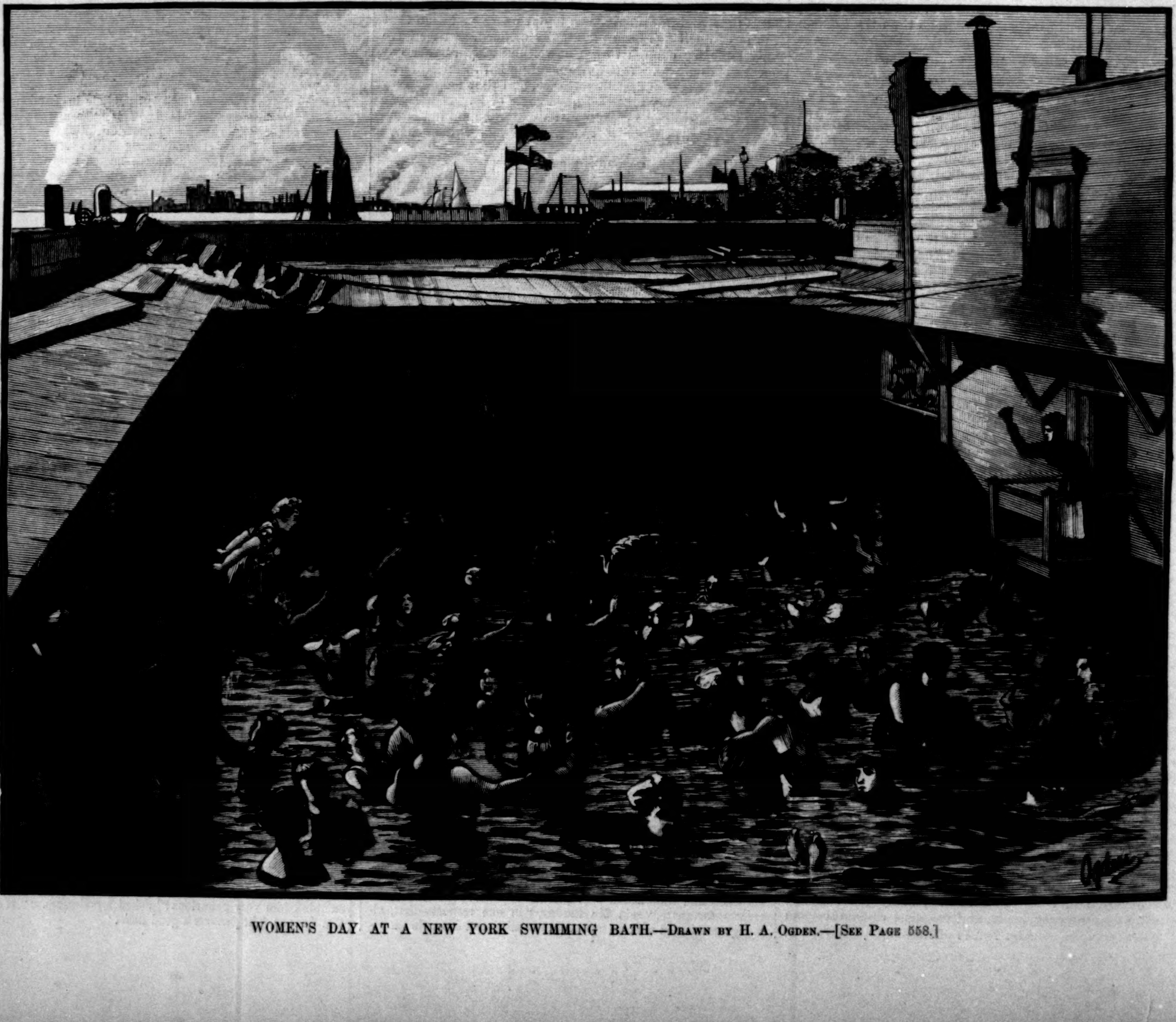
The commander-in-chief of the British forces now operating against Arabi Pasha is the foremost general of England. Lieutenant-General Sir Garnet Joseph Wolseley, G.C.B., G.C.M.G., son of Major G. J. Wolseley, of the Twenty-fifth Regiment of Foot, was born at Golden Bridge House, near Dublin, June 4, 1833, and entered the army as ensign in 1852. He first saw service in the Burmese war in 1852–3, after which he distinguished himself in the Crimea, and was severely wounded before Sevastopol. He gained distinction also in the Indian Mutiny and Chinese war. As Deputy Quartermaster-General in Canada he commanded the Red River expedition, and subsequently, in 1873, was sent out to direct the operations against the Ashantee tribes. For his services there he received the thanks of Parliament. The next occasion on which Sir Garnet saw active service was in 1879, when he conducted the operations against Secocoeni, whose stronghold he destroyed.

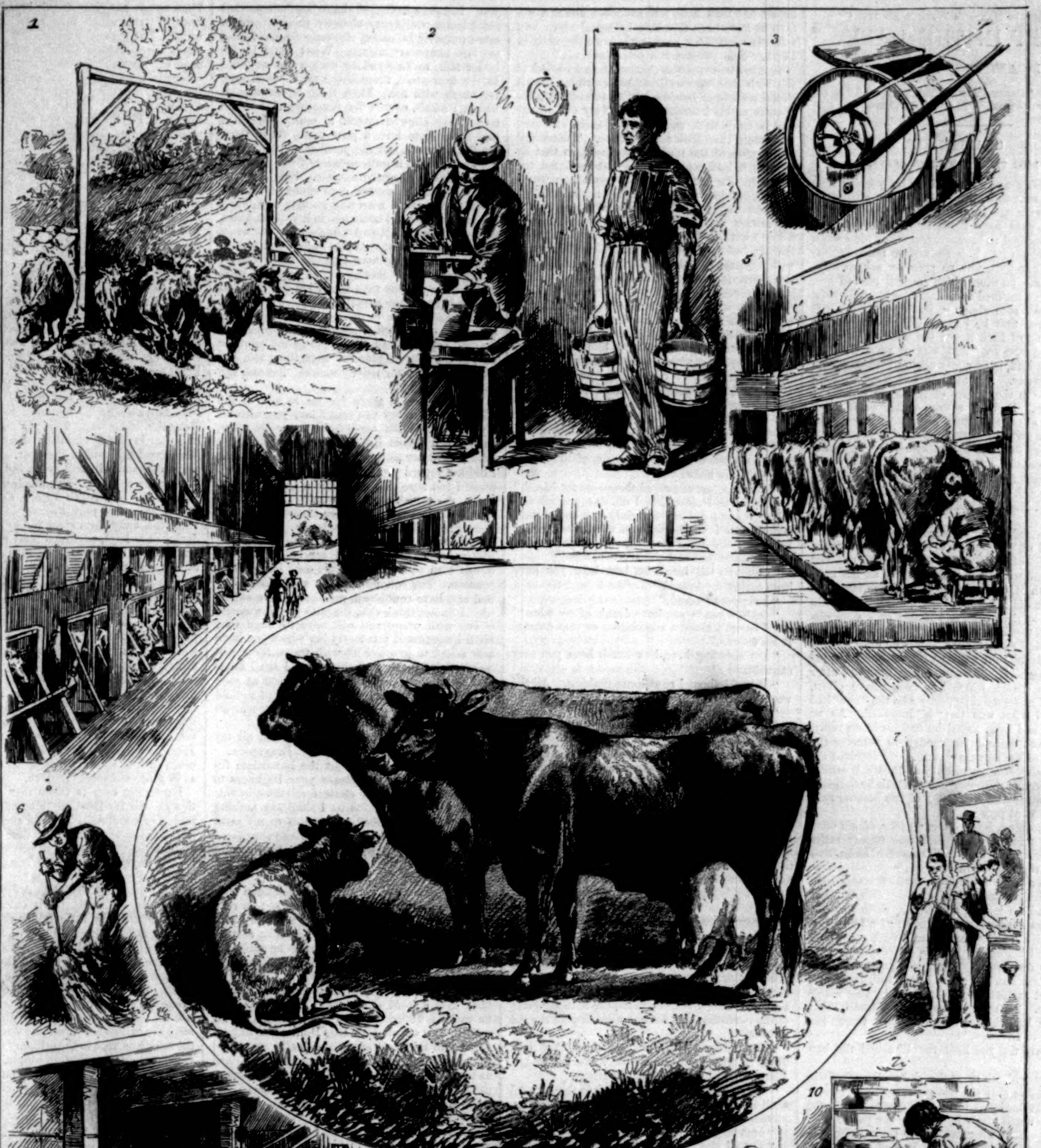
Sir Garnet, besides his military employment, has held civil posts under the Colonial Office. In 1874 he was dispatched to Natal to administer the government of that colony; in 1876 was appointed a member of the Council of India, and in 1878 the Administrator of the island of Cyprus. In 1879 Sir Garnet went out as High Commissioner of the Transvaal and Natal, and reorganized the affairs of Zululand.

Major-General his Royal Highness Arthur, Duke of Connaught, K.G., K.T., K.P., G.C.M.G., was born May 1, 1850, entered the Woolwich Military Academy as cadet in 1866, became a Lieutenant in the Royal Engineers in 1868, and a Lieutenant in the Royal Artillery in 1869, a Lieutenant in the Rifle Brigade in the same year, and a Captain in 1871. His staff services are: Brigade Major at Aldershot in 1873; Brigade Major to the Cavalry Brigadier at the same quarters in 1875, in the October of which year he was appointed Assistant Adjutant-General at Gibraltar, which post he held until April, 1876. In 1880 he was made a General of Brigade at Aldershot. Besides holding other appointments, the Duke is Colonel-in-Chief of the Royal Rifle Corps, and personal Aide-de-Camp to the Queen. His Royal Highness, who has never before taken part in active service, will now command the Guards Brigade in the First Division. It will be remembered that the Duke of Cambridge commanded the Guards in the Crimean war.


LIEUTENANT-GENERAL SIR GARNET WOLSELEY.


THE DUKE OF CONNAUGHT.


WOMEN'S DAY AT A NEW YORK SWIMMING BATH.—Drawn by H. A. Ogden.—[See Page 558.]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P. Frenzeny

SKETCHES ON TWO MODEL DAIRY-FARMS.—Drawn by Paul Frenzeny.—[See Page 550.]

[Begun in Harper's Weekly No. 1327.]

KEPT IN THE DARK.

By ANTHONY TROLLOPE,

Author of "Orley Farm," "The Warden," "Is He Popenjoy?" "Marion Fay," etc.

CHAPTER XIX.

DICK TAKES HIS FINAL LEAVE.

When Sir Francis received the reply which Miss Altifiorla sent to his letter, he was not altogether satisfied with it. He had expected that the lady would at once have flown into his arms. But the lady seemed to hesitate, and asked for a week to think about it. This showed so much ingratitude on her part, was so poor an acknowledgment of the position which he had offered her, that he was inclined to be indignant. "D—n it, if she don't care about it, she sha'n't have it!" It was thus that he expressed himself aloud in the hearing of Dick Ross; but without, however, explaining who the "she" was or what the "it" was, or, indeed, in any way asking Dick's opinion on the matter. Not the less had Miss Altifiorla been wise in the nature of the reply which she had given. Had she expressed her warm affection, and at once accepted all that had been proffered, the gentleman would probably have learned at once to despise that which had been obtained so easily. As it was, he was simply cross, and thought that he had determined to withdraw the proposal. But still the other letter was to come, and Miss Altifiorla's chance was still open to her.

The immediate consequence of these doubts in the mind of Sir Francis was a postponement of the verdict of banishment which he had resolved to pronounce against Dick as soon as his marriage with Miss Altifiorla should have been settled. He did not wish to leave himself altogether alone in the world, and if this Dick were dismissed, it would be necessary that he should provide himself with another, unless he were minded to provide himself with a wife instead. He became, therefore, gradually more gracious after the little speech which has been above given. Dick had understood perfectly who the "she" had been, and what was the "it" intended. As no question had been asked he had made no reply, but he was quite quick enough to perceive the working of the baronet's mind. He despised the baronet almost as thoroughly as did Mr. Western. But for certain purposes—as to which he despised himself also—the friendship of the baronet suited him just at present.

One morning, for private reasons of his own, Dick went into Perth, which was twenty miles distant from the baronet's shooting lodge, and returned the same day, bringing the post-bag with him from a point in the road at which it was daily left by the postman. Sir Francis with unusual haste read his letters, and among them was one from Miss Altifiorla. But Dick had a budget of news which he was anxious to reveal, and which he did tell before Sir Francis had said anything as to his own letter. There was another friend, one Captain Fawkes, at the Lodge with them, and Dick had at first been restrained by this man's presence. As soon as he found himself alone with Sir Francis he began. "Lady Grant has gone off to Dresden," he said.

"Where did you hear that?" asked the baronet.

"They told me so at the club. Everybody in Perth knows that she has gone, and why."

"What business is it of theirs? Since you know so much about it, why has she gone?"

"To persuade her brother to come home and take his wife once more. It was an infernal shame that they should ever have been separated. In fact, she has gone to undo what you did. If she can only succeed in making the man know the whole truth about it, free from all lies, she'll do what she's gone to do."

"What the devil do you mean by lies?" said Sir Francis, rising in wrath from his chair.

"Well, lies mean lies. As I haven't applied the word to any one, I suppose I may be allowed to use it and to stand by it. I suppose you know what lies mean, and I suppose you are aware that Western has been made to believe lies about his wife."

"Who told them?"

"I say nothing about that," said Dick. "Lies are a sort of thing which are very commonly told, and are ordinarily ascribed to the world at large. The world never quarrels with the accusation. The world has told most infernal lies to this man about his wife. I don't suppose the world means to call me out for saying as much as that." Then the two remained silent for some moments, and Dick proceeded with his eloquence. "Of course there have been lies—damnable lies. Had a man or a woman—it's all one—gone to that poor creature with a pistol in his hand and blown her brains out, he wouldn't have done a more dastardly action."

"What the devil do you mean by that?" said the other.

"I'm not talking about you—specially. I say lies have been told; but I do not say who has told them. I rather suspect a woman to be at the bottom of it." Sir Francis, who had in his pocket a most tender and loving reply from Miss Altifiorla, knew very well who was the lady to whom Dick referred. "That man has been made to believe certain things about his wife which are all lies—lies from beginning to end."

"He has been made to believe that she was engaged to me first. Is that a lie?"

"That depends on the way in which it was told. He didn't send her home merely for that. I am not saying what the lies were, but there were damnable lies. You sometimes tell me that I ain't any better than another—or generally a great deal worse. But I'd rather have blown my brains out than have told such lies about a woman as have been told here by somebody. You ask me what they were saying at the club in Perth. Now you know it pretty well all."

It must be supposed that what had passed at the club had induced Dick to determine that it would no longer become him to remain with Sir Francis as his humble friend. Very evil things had in truth been said of Sir Francis, and they were more than Dick could endure. The natural indignation of the man was aroused, so that by degrees it had come to pass that he hated the baronet. He had before said very sharp words to him, but had now gone home resolved in his righteous mind to bring things to a conclusion. It matters little in the telling of our story to know what lies Dick did in truth impute to his friend; but they were of a nature to fill his mind with righteous wrath, and to produce from him the eloquence above described.

Sir Francis, whose vanity had been charmed by the letter which he kept in his pocket, had already made up his mind to part with Dick. But Dick's words as now spoken left him no alternative. It was a question with him whether he could not so part with him as to inflict some further punishment. "Why, Dick," he said, smiling, "you have broken out quite in a new place."

"I know nothing about that."

"You must have been with the bishop and taken a lesson in preaching. I never heard you come out so strong before."

"I wish you'd heard what some of those men at Perth said about you."

"And how you answered them—as my friend."

"As far as I remember I didn't say much myself. What I did say certainly was not in your favor. But I was hardest on that sweet young lady with the Italian name. You won't mind that, because you and she are two, now."

"Can you tell me, Ross, how long you have been eating my bread?"

"I suppose I could."

"Or how much you have drank of my wine?"

"I haven't made a calculation of that nature. It isn't usual."

"For shooting here, how much have you ever contributed?"

"When I shoot I contribute nothing. All the world understands that."

"How much money do you owe me?"

"I owe you nothing that I've ever promised to pay."

"And now you think it a sign of a fine gentleman to go and talk openly at a club about matters which you have heard from me in confidence. I don't. I think it a very—"

"A very what, Sir Francis? I have not done as you allege. But you were going to observe a very—what was it?" It must be here explained that Dick Ross was not a man who feared many things, but that Sir Francis feared much. Dick had little to lose by a row, whereas the baronet would be injured. The baronet therefore declined to fill in the epithet which he had omitted. He knew from former experience what Dick would and what he would not bear.

"I don't choose to descend to Billingsgate," said Sir Francis. "I have my own ideas as to your conduct."

"Very gentleman-like, isn't it?" said Dick, with a smile, meaning thereby to impute it to Sir Francis as cowardice that he was unwilling to say the reverse.

"But, under all the circumstances, it will be quite as well that you should leave the Lodge. You must feel that yourself."

"Oh, quite so. I am delighted to think that I shall be able to leave without having had any unpleasant words. Perhaps to-morrow will do?"

"Just as you please."

"Then I shall be able to add a few drops to all those buckets of claret which you threw in my teeth just now. I wonder whether any gentleman was ever before asked by another gentleman how much wine he had drank in his house, or how many dinners he had eaten! When you asked me did you expect me to pay for my dinners and wine?" Sir Francis refused to make any reply to this question. "And when you delicately hinted at my poverty, had you found my finances to be lower than you'd always known them? It is disagreeable to be a penniless younger brother. I have found it so all my life. And I admit that I ought to have earned my bread. It would have been much better for me had I done so. People may declare that I am good for nothing, and may hold me up as an example to be shunned. But I flatter myself that nobody has called me a blackguard. I have told no lies to injure men behind their backs, much less have I done so to injure a woman. I have sacrificed no girl to my revenge, simply because she has thrown me over. In the little transactions I have had I have always run straight. Now I think that, upon the whole, I had better go before dinner, and not add anything to the bucket of claret."

"Just as you please," said Sir Francis. Then Dick Ross left the room, and went away to make such arrangements for his departure as were possible to him, and the readers of this story shall see him and hear him no more.

Sir Francis, when he was left alone, took out Miss Altifiorla's letter, and read it again. He was a man who could assume grand manners in his personal intercourse with women, but was peculiarly apt to receive impression from them. He loved to be flattered, and was prone to believe anything good of himself that was said to him by one of them. He therefore took the following letter for more than it was worth:

"My dear Sir Francis,—I know that you will have been quite quick enough to have understood when you received my former little scrawl what my answer would be. When a woman attempts to deceive a man in such a matter, she knows beforehand that the attempt will be vain, and I certainly did not think that I could succeed with you. But yet a feeling of shamefacedness—what some ladies consider as modesty, though it might more properly be called *mauvaise honte*—forced me into temporary silence. What could I wish better than to be loved by such a one as you? In the first place, there is the rank, which goes for much with me. Then there is the money, which, I admit, counts for something. I would never have allowed myself to marry, even if I had chanced to love, a poor man. Then there are the manners, and the peculiar station before the world, which is quite separate from the rank. To me these alone are irresistible. Shall I say too that personal appearance does count for much? I can fancy myself marrying an ugly man, but I can fancy also that I could not do it without something of disgust." Miss Altifiorla, when she wrote this, had understood well that vanity and love of flattery were conspicuous traits in the character of her admirer. "Having owned so much, what is there more to say than that I am the happiest woman between the seas?"

The reader must be here told that this letter had been copied out a second time, because in the first copy she had allowed the word "girl" to pass in the above sentence. Something told her that she had better write "woman" instead, and she had written it.

"What more is there for me to add to the above except to tell you that I love you with all my heart. Months ago—it seems to be years now—when Cecilia Holt had caught your fancy, I did regard her as the most fortunate girl. But I did not regard you as the happiest of men, because I felt sure that there was a something between you which would not suit. There is an asperity, rather than strictness, about her which I knew your spirit would not brook. She would have borne the battlings which would have arisen with an equal temper. She can indeed bear all things with equanimity, as she does her present position. But you, though you would have battled and have conquered, would still have suffered. I do not think that the wife you now desire is one with whom you will have to wage war. Shall I say that if you marry her whom you have now asked to join her lot with yours, there will be no such fighting? I think that I shall know how to hold my own against the world as your wife. But with you I shall only attempt to hold my own by making myself one with you in all your desires and aspirations.

"I am yours with all my heart, with all my body and soul, Francesca.

"I say nothing now about the immediate future, but I hope it will please your Highness to visit your most worthy clerical relations in this cathedral city before long. I shall say nothing to any of your clerical relations as to my prospects in life until I shall have received your sanction for doing so. But the sooner I do receive it, the better for my peace of mind."

Sir Francis was upon the whole delighted with the letter, and the more delighted as he now read it for the third time. "There is such an air of truth in every word of it." It was thus that he spoke to himself about the letter as he sucked in the flattery. It was thus that Miss Altifiorla had intended that he should receive it. She knew herself too well to suspect that her flattery should fail. Not a word of it failed. In nothing was he more gratified than in her allusions to his matrimonial efforts with Miss Holt. She had assured him that he would have finally conquered that strong-minded young woman. But she had at the same time told him of the extreme tenderness of his heart. He absolutely believed her when she whispered to him her secret—that she had envied Cecilia her lot, when Cecilia was supposed to be the happy bride. He quite understood those allusions to his own pleasures, and her assurance that she would never interfere with him. There was just a doubt whether a thing so easily got could be worth the keeping. But then he remembered his cousin, and determined to be a man of his word.

[to be continued.]

DAIRY-FARMS.

As pleasant a stretch of flat lands as can be found in New Jersey lies by the side of the Ramapo River, in Bergen County. It can not be called a valley, because the slope of the ground is too gradual. The river is its boundary on one side, and just beyond the stream rises the long range of the Ramapo Hills. These elevations tend toward the tempering of the immediate climate, shielding it from the winter's gales, and as the hills are principally of a rocky formation, they act as water-sheds, and so feed the river. The natural soil of this plain can hardly be very rich, though close to the Ramapo the fertility of the meadows is evident.

It is a country suggestive of stock-raising, with dairy products. An intelligent farmer would see at once its adaptiveness for this particular purpose. Accordingly, some three miles from Ramsey's and Hohokus, bordering on the Ramapo, under the shadow of the blue hills, two dairy-farms are found, noted far and wide for the purity of their breeds of cattle, and the excellence of their butter.

To be unappreciative of the beauty of a pure Jersey cow is to be entirely wanting in bovine æsthetics. What peculiar characteristics are engendered by an overfamiliarity with horses no one is exactly prepared to state, but a thorough acquaintance with a herd of Jerseys, to borrow from a well-known saying, is to have quite the equivalent to a liberal education.

In what animal—the doe not excepted—can you find such deep, quiet, placid eyes as in a Jersey cow? There is not an angular line about her. Her clean trim head shows her blood, and altogether she is to another cow what the sculptured steed on the Parthenon is to the common horse. Then nature has given to this breed soft subdued tints of fawn which fade away into a creamy white. The general appreciation of the cow, to which is approvingly added in our horn-books the term of "useful," generally conveys the idea of a certain ungainliness and awkwardness, but in the Jersey there is suppleness of movement with elegance of gait. When Eurotas, Bomba, Lille Bonne, or Phyllis walks, you see at once the aristocracy of race. But beyond grace, elegance, gentleness, docility, and rapid growth, there are other important attributes. Jersey cows are the most marvellous of those animal converters which, taking in the succulent materials in the grasses and grains, the sugars and the starches, change these into fats. There may be wonderful cows which will give a larger fluid measure of milk, but it is the lacteal secretion of the Jersey that literally "runs butter."

In the middle of the illustrations on page 549 the famous cow Eurotas is shown. One day last month a visitor to one of these farms discovered, at fully a hundred yards distance, this cow grazing in a small pasture. What struck him at once, looking at her at long range, was the enormous size of her udder. Expressing surprise, the intelligent manager of Mr. A. B. Darling's farm stated that as it was only two o'clock, Eurotas's udder was by no means full, but that by six o'clock her superiority would be apparent by the increased distention of her bag. This cow made 778 pounds of butter in eleven months and six days, and had her second calf within the year. Eurotas is ten years old, and will still go on butter-making for some years to come. Overshadowing her in the print is the bull Black Prince, now eight years old, an animal of purest Jersey blood.

On this dairy-farm some ninety head of choice Jerseys are kept, of which forty are cows. The butter made averages 350 pounds a week, and all of it is consumed by one leading New York hotel. On the upper left hand of the picture is represented the coming of the cows. Here is no uproarious rioting. The docile beasts march slowly along, conscious that milking is first to take place, and that after that a liberal supply of food will be given them. Such a crude method of measuring milk by the gallon, quart, or pint is never thought of on these dairy-farms. Every drop of milk is weighed after its density and the temperature are considered. Under such scientific treatment the exact condition of the animal, the effects of food, become at once manifest. There is no slipshod guessing at results, but as much care is shown by these dairy-farm experts as in a physiological research.

Exceeding care is taken then of the animal, though it is far from anything approaching pampering or coddling. To yield such a large quantity of butter and at the same time sustain the constant drain, the animal is of course very well fed, and its physical condition is one of constant solicitude. From the birth of the calf until its maturity its progress is watched. A Jersey calf, lolling in its box, the sweet newly cut hay close to its black muzzle, the little fellow not a bit afraid, looking at one with his big confiding eyes, is the picture of happy animal babyhood.

Exquisite at this farm was the cleanliness of the dairy. This was exactly one of those places where one could literally eat off of the floor. There are always two dairies for storing the milk, one for summer, the other for winter, in order to meet the exigencies of our climate. At this farm the milk was kept in the ordinary flat pans. Conveniences for water were ample, and steam was used for cleansing and heating purposes. American ingenuity may invent a new churn and a novel rifle every day in the year, but the churn on this farm was the old-fashioned up-and-down one, and the motive power was imparted by a dog. Four milkers stripped the cows, and there were numerous farm hands, some three hundred acres being under cultivation. Silos are used this season for the first time, some of the compartments being filled with the cut and cured green oats. To secure a strong and equable pressure on the ensilage jack-screws were used. To such publicity as was given to silos and ensilage in Harper's Weekly for April 23, 1881, is perhaps due as much as anything else that this method of feeding stock is in general use to-day. This special establishment represented every element of success. All the appurtenances were admirably adapted for use. Next year this dairy-farm will be considerably increased, as two large buildings used formerly for manufacturing purposes will be converted into a stable and dairy.

Not more than three-quarters of a mile from here is Mr. Theodore A. Havemeyer's dairy-farm, which beyond any doubt is the most superb establishment of its kind in the United States. At once on nearing this farm the immensity of the stable is evident. This is built in a T form, and has for the longer limb a length of 266 feet by 50 wide, while the cross wing is 260 feet. The stable is all of hard wood, and stands on a stone foundation. It is of considerable height, so that the ventilation is absolutely perfect. With its broad walk down the middle, on both sides, as far as the eye can reach, are the stalls. Away above, all in view, is kept the stock of hay.

No one now ever feeds a cow from a trough above her head, because the natural position of a ruminant animal when eating is to pick grass, hay, or feed from the ground. The cattle stand on a platform, and there is a wide and shallow gutter behind, in which the droppings fall. There is always a man busy with broom and scraper, who removes at once the soilings. The cattle are tethered with a light chain, which is secured around their necks. Perfect facility of motion is allowed, from the fact that the chain ends with an iron ring, which goes around a circular post, and this moves up and down with the least impulse. Swivels, two or three of them, on this light chain give all the flexibility requisite. Water is supplied to the cows by means of movable troughs, as shown in Fig. 4. The supply comes from a hose, and when the contents of the water trough have been taken, it is raised up out of the way by means of counter-weights. There is a separate water-pipe to each two stalls, and the drains are everywhere. Each stall has by its side in front a small cast-iron basket, filled with rock-salt, so that the cow can use it when she pleases. In the gutter which runs back of the stalls there are traps with movable covers, into which the manure falls into the cellar below. There was not the faintest odor of cattle. There were no corners in which the feed placed on the floor could hide itself, so as to become sour in time. Every day the spaces in front of the stalls where the food is placed are washed and scrubbed, and twice a week the whole stable is flooded. Every cow has her name painted on a sign, which is nailed over her stall. The animals are introduced into the stable through yards which run on both sides, and they come in through separate doors, the ascent to the stable being an easy one. Every cow is led into her exact place by an attendant, and the animals are taught the best of manners.

It is not far from milking-time, and now all the cows, seventy-seven of them, are in the stable, and it has been noiselessly done. As the visitor stands on the fifty-foot broad walk he sees a long vista of cows' heads. It is the prettiest of sights, where all the peculiarities of bovine physiognomies can be appreciated. What is most striking is their happy, contented manner. There is no unruly brute tugging at her chain, no bellowing cow complaining of the robbery of her calf. They are all placid, and as you pass along they look at you in an affectionate way with their unfathomable eyes, as they calmly chew the cud. All of them wear in their ears a metal clasp, on which their particular number has been inscribed. This is a kind of bovine decoration, a Legion of Honor, as it were, and the number has been copied, attested to, and duly registered in that Book of Gold which holds the genealogy of the aristocratic Jerseys. It is just before feeding-time, and the attendants are busy preparing the evening meal for the cows. The milkmen now come; it is nearly five o'clock, and soon from all sides resounds that pleasant tinkle of the milk, as it strikes in its spurtings the sides of the bright, resonant tin pails. The men are perfectly silent, and the cows are just as quiet. There is not a kick nor an indecorous movement. The manager goes up and down the stable with the visitor, and expatiates on the beauties of some particular cow. "That one," he says, showing Lille Bonne, "has all the points of a great butter-making cow. You will notice her amber-colored horn—a sign of great butter-making—and this ear. She is as fine as ever a cow was on the island, and is the pearl of our stock." When a Jersey breeder says "the island," he means the island of Jersey, and speaks of it with the same reverence as a Mohammedan does of Mecca.

The men who care for the cows are all young and from Nova Scotia, for, strange to say, these provincials have the greatest love and respect for their pet cattle.

The feed is brought in boxes on a large truck, and the cows are fed on the floor on the broad walk. The mixture is composed of green rye from the silos, mixed with ground oats and corn, the whole feed for the day, distributed in the morning, mid-day, and the evening, being composed of thirty pounds of ensilage and four quarts of the ground feed. The cattle have no green pasture. When not in the stable, the cows range at will in a big meadow of some fifteen acres, where they have eaten the green grass close down to the roots.

Going to the cross wing of the stable, here on one side are the silos, and on the other, in the stone basement, are the dairies. The silos are at once distinguishable by their slight odor of vinous fermentation. These silos are immense, and constructed in various compartments, all built up with heavy walls of cement. Their total capacity is not less than two thousand tons. At present several of the compartments are filled with oats. The cattle will use this until the Southern horse-tooth corn has acquired its proper growth, and then it will be cut, and converted into ensilage. Various experiments are to be tried with other green food. The products of the silos, and roots, in order to give variety, with the ground grain, form the entire food of the stock. With the six hundred acres this dairy-farm possesses, and its stock of hay, even a much larger herd could be kept.

It is not the good food alone that accounts for the lustrous hides of this beautiful herd. Every day the animals are carefully curried and their feet and legs are washed.

On the other side of the T, apart from the silos, is the engine-room. Here is a twenty-two-horse upright engine, with commodious boilers and pumping machinery. The engine runs the feed mills, the elevators, the ensilage cutters, the threshing-machine, and the churn. The capacious boilers, providing ample steam, temper the winter for the cows, and by steam the water the animals drink is warmed up in cold weather to the exact degree. The pumps distribute the water everywhere, so that stables and floors can be flooded from tanks, which are always kept full.

It once happened that the visitor to this model New Jersey dairy-farm had spent a day in a certain Dutch town where all the inhabitants were insane, so he thought. The name of this delectable place was Broeck. As the constant endeavor of the inhabitants of this unfortunate town was to keep clean, it had terminated in a monomania of a most distressing kind. Stables were seen in Broeck, never containing more than two or three cows, where the stalls were all tile-incrusted. Cows' molars were apparently cleaned with tooth-brushes, and their horns sand-papered and varnished. The neatest person in the world who visited this sad place (not born in Broeck) had the most irresistible inclination to soil something. Broeck is then the most foolish of all human eccentricities, and at the pinnacle of Dutch absurdity. In this fine New Jersey stable its wonderful cleanliness was carried out in a sensible, practical way for a definite purpose.

It is the dairy proper, the butter laboratory, which, from its construction, its exquisite neatness, strikes most particularly the visitor. Coming out of a temperature of 88° to 50° first strikes a chill into you. Then looking around you see you are in a room thirty-five feet by twenty-three feet, the sides of which and the floor are all of blue, white, and yellow tiles. Above, the ceiling is of pine. The low temperature comes from 400 tons of ice stored above it, and the cold air by its own specific gravity descends into the room. Ranged against the walls are huge coolers fed with the water which trickles from the ice above. In these coolers the milk is placed in long tin receptacles something in shape like ice-cream freezers (Fig. 13).

These cans have a depth of twenty-two inches, and will hold sixteen quarts of milk. Here the milk remains until the cream rises, when it is taken off by means of a funnel-shaped dipper. The cream is kept in similar vessels at the ordinary temperature. The churn (Fig. 8) is barrel form, worked by steam, and will hold forty gallons. The paddles revolve fifty times a minute, and butter "comes" in a quarter of an hour. The pendulum churn (Fig. 12) is only used when the exact butter-making qualities of a single cow are to be determined. For working the butter a flat table is employed, on which a wooden roller is worked (Fig. 10). The butter is made into pats, and finds eager purchasers throughout the year, for it is indeed *la crème de la crème*, and accordingly brings a very good price. In forwarding this butter to New York special care is taken to keep it pure and untainted, and for this purpose it is packed in boxes in trays with ice (Fig. 11). The quantity of butter made in the last week of July was 358 pounds. The vaunted power of elbow grease, the use of bad-smelling soaps and of gritty sand, are all discounted by steam. It is steam at high pressure which cleanses the pans, and by its force and heat makes everything absolutely sweet and clean. The winter dairy-room is built precisely like the summer one, all tile-incased, and heated by steam.

Contiguous to the stables, but separated from them, are the nurseries, where the calves are tended, and as there is made an ocean of skimmed milk, this goes to the pigs, a large stock of which is always kept.

In the consideration of a dairy-farm of this character, which is now some two years old, taking into account the large amount of capital spent, the practical question arises, "Does it pay?" The answer given, most positively, is, "that it does." The profit does not arise solely from the price paid for the principal product, the butter, but from the sale of the stock. From both the Darling and Havemeyer farms come the very choicest breeds of Jerseys, which, sought for all over the country, command very high figures. The larger establishment, then perfect in every respect, where many hundreds of thousands of dollars have been spent in obtaining the finest bulls and cows, or in constructing the stables and dairies, is to be considered as a purely business venture, the profit of which is a fair interest on money intelligently invested.

Nothing can be more wonderful than the success which has been obtained in creating, as it were, those animals which are called upon to produce certain results. As this highest type of an animal can only be brought about by the strictest attention to the wants of the creature, such dairy-farms as have been described must have all the advantages which money and brains can provide.

Explanation of figures in the plate on page 549: 1. Coming from pasture. 2. Testing milk. 3 and 8. Barrel churn. 4. Water-troughs. 5. In the stalls. 6. Sweeping out. 7. Wash-room. 9. Stamping butter. 10. Working butter. 11. Packing butter. 12. Pendulum churn. 13. Coolers.

SPANISH MOSS.

Nothing perhaps in the South proves at first sight so attractive to the Northern visitor as the graceful Spanish, Southern, or Florida moss, depending in heavy festoons of the softest gray-green from the branches of almost every tree upon which he gazes. The great cemetery of Bonaventure, near Savannah, owes much of its weird beauty to the masses of moss drapery which sway solemnly in the wind, pendent from the giant oaks that line its silent avenues, and lend a sombre hue to a scene that would otherwise be bright with perennial green and the vivid bloom of Southern flowers. As an emblem of perpetual grief, nothing could be more appropriate.

As far south as the everglades in Florida it forms a most conspicuous feature of the landscape; but here it disappears, and seems to have reached a tropical limit.

Being a parasite, and blown in detached masses by the winds, it fastens and flourishes upon almost every living tree, though the oak of all varieties seems its favorite abiding-place. While to most trees it adds an element of beauty, to some it proves a deadly enemy. This is particularly the case with those of the citrus family, and many an orange-culturist finds it necessary to spend much time and money in freeing his trees from the moss which, blown from adjacent oaks, clings tenaciously to their thorny twigs, thrives luxuriantly upon their rich vitality, and would threaten their very existence unless removed.

A curious effect is sometimes produced by tourists, who bring to their Northern homes quantities of moss when they return from the South in the spring, and with it decorate the trees about their houses. Here it lives and grows during the warm weather, but is killed by the cold of a Northern winter.

In addition to being an object of beauty and sometimes of destruction, the soft, elastic moss has of late years become an important article of commerce, and its gathering and preparation for market is a rapidly growing industry among the rural population of the South. In no section can it be found in greater luxuriance, nor its commercial value more highly appreciated, than along the line of the Florida Southern Railway in the vicinity of Gainesville, Florida.

The country immediately around Gainesville abounds in numerous sink-holes, or "sinks," such as are common to all lime formations. These "sinks" are vast depressions of the surface, from which the bottom seems to have fallen out, and allowed portions of the upper crust to drop from fifty to a hundred feet, with their trees still standing, and their tops showing over the edges. Each sink holds at its bottom a deep well of dark water, of which the supply rarely fails. These are favorite resorts of the moss-gatherers, to whom the steeply sloping sides of the great depressions, and the moss-laden trees springing from the depths below, afford peculiar facilities for prosecuting their business. It was in the gloom of one of these "sinks" that our artist found material for his sketch of moss-gathering on page 553.

The moss is gathered by men, women, and children in hours of release from more important tasks, and piled in great heaps fully exposed to the action of the sun and rain, where for weeks it is allowed to lie and "ferment." That found on the ground is collected first, because it is more easily obtained, and because it has already undergone a partial curing, or "fermenting." Then, armed with long forked sticks, the moss-hunters attack the heavy drooping festoons, and twisting the sticks into the moss until a firm hold is obtained, drag it to the ground.

After being thoroughly cured, the moss is revealed in an entirely new aspect. Instead of a soft gray substance, it is stiff, wiry, and black, like horse-hair, for which material it is finally to be used as a substitute. This black, hair-like substance is the tough inner fibre of the moss, which appears after the outer covering of gray has been removed by the action of the elements. If the rain-fall during the time of curing is not sufficient, the process is aided by water thrown upon the pile of moss until it is thoroughly saturated.

When cured the moss is piled high in the rude two-wheeled carts of the country, and taken to mill. These carts are nearly always of home make, and are the most primitive affairs imaginable. When, as is generally the case, one is drawn by a single ox or cow attached to it by a ragged rope harness, and when the load of moss forms a cozy nest for all the members of a negro family on their way to town to invest the proceeds of their venture among the cheap stores, eating-houses, or saloons which always spring up in the vicinity of a moss mill, the effect is to unaccustomed eyes indescribably funny and picturesque. Each load of moss contains from two to three hundred pounds, and the price received at the mill is from one and a half to three cents per pound.

The mill at Gainesville is a very crude affair, and is an offset from a saw-mill, from which its power is supplied. At the mill the moss is first passed between two grooved iron rollers to "break" it. Leaving the "rolls," it is caught by two sets of iron teeth or "combs," set in rollers and revolving in opposite directions, which tear it in pieces, and finally allow it to fall upon a frame of slats, along which it is raked, and through which all sticks and other trash fall to the ground.

At the end of this frame is the store-house, into which the prepared moss is thrown with pitchforks, as one would toss hay, and where it remains until the balers are ready for it. From here it is taken and baled in the "moss press," a simple affair worked by long levers and main strength. The bales weigh about two hundred pounds each, and are shipped to New York and other Northern cities at the cost of thirty-five cents per bale. The price obtained in the North for moss thus prepared is from fourteen to seventeen cents per pound, and it is used extensively in stuffing mattresses and in general upholstery.

ENGLISH GOSSIP.

[From Our Own Correspondent.]

A domestic Difficulty.—Squirrel-Kittens and Canary-Sparrows.—An "owdacious" Boy.—A River of Death.—A modest Husband.—Politeness before Everything.—Vivisection in Paris.—A literary Ghoul.

Some husbands are, it seems, too fond of their mothers-in-law. A man has just eloped with one, leaving her daughter, only nineteen, to bewail this most unparalleled catastrophe. Her application to the public magistrate was full of pathos. She was "very happy in her married life" till her mother came to live with them, when a change took place from a cause quite different from the usual one. She found her husband's manner too "warm and affectionate" toward mamma, but for a long time "did not like to speak," which one can easily believe. The magistrate said he could only compel her husband to maintain her, to which she replied, like a true woman, that "she would rather starve." The romance, so far as the more mature lady is concerned, is a little interfered with by the fact that "she had a good bit of money."

I doubt whether naturalists or any other people are justified in trying experiments upon the maternal instincts of animals, which must needs cause them pain, and can not possibly result in any practical good. A gentleman boasts in the newspapers of having taken away two kittens from a cat's infant family, and substituted in their place two baby squirrels. He dilates with a hideous joy upon poor pussy's distresses. She can not understand the shape and immense size of her offsprings' tails. At first she thinks it is anger which makes them so big, and tries to comfort them. When they will not eat mice which she brings them with her own claws, she is despairing; and when, on the other hand, she finds them cracking nuts, she almost goes out of her mind at such unnatural habits. At last, when they climb a tree and get into a little hole, from which they can't or won't be extracted, she dies of a broken heart. This may be very funny, but it seems to me to be also very cruel.

Again, the station-master at the Crystal Palace has taken two sparrow eggs out of a nest built at the mouth of the tunnel, where every locomotive stops to spit and swear, and put in their place two canary eggs, which have just been hatched. Putting aside the feeling of the maternal sparrow at finding her offspring yellow, what sort of song is it likely these canaries will sing? We shall probably have all the notes of the locomotive added to the bird gamut.

There is a certain adjective used by old women of humble rank, with reference to bad boys, which has always tickled me; it is the word "owdacious," and approaches more nearly to your American term "cussedness" than anything in our language. The two most "owdacious" boys I ever heard of live at Middleborough, where they are now in jail. Thomas Moore and Joseph Webster, being each of the age of fifteen, waylay a seaman at some distance from the town, and presenting loaded pistols to his head, secure his money. Then Moore says to his young friend, "Shall we do away with him?" to which the other answers, "Please yourself." As it struck the sailor, from the expression in Moore's face, that if it came to "pleasure," his life was gone, he resorted to artifice. He said he had £70 on board his ship, which he was prepared to share with them. To which Moore replied: "All right; I will go with you to your ship. I shall not flinch one inch, and if you don't give up the money, I'll shoot you in the forecastle." They walked into the town together, Moore keeping his pistol quite close to the sailor whenever they met policemen, and it was with great difficulty he was at last secured. If that was not "owdacious," I don't know what is.

The river Lee, close to London, but which from its name one would conceive to be a truly rural stream, has a very bad reputation. From the metropolitan police reports for the last five years, it appears that it is the favorite locality for child-murders and suicides. This river of death gave up no fewer than 236 bodies last year, to only one-half of which the term "accidental death" could be applied. In the Regent's Canal during the same period there were forty-nine cases of *felo-de-se*. Imagine the amount of literally intolerable misery these figures represent, and what a far larger amount of misery there must be amongst us that is only not quite intolerable!

It is not often that one reads such unconscious drollery as appeared last week in a letter in the *Times*, signed "A Husband." Somebody set his wife alight with a cigar at the Eton and Harrow match, and he distributes his thanks (among others to the smoker) to those who put her out. His object is to point out the dangers of cigar ashes, but the description of the accident itself is his *chef-d'œuvre*. Three or four persons held her lighted dress very tightly above and below—as a school-boy holds a humble-bee in his handkerchief—and in a procession that must have reminded the spectators of an *auto-da-fe*, led her to a room, the door of which was unhappily locked. It was with the utmost difficulty that the key was found, says "A Husband," in time to save her life, "since it was of course impossible to take off her dress before the crowd." Considering that she was in flames, I think I should have waived that delicate point. But perhaps the lady was insured.

I remember one of the male sex under similar circumstances nearly falling a victim to an excess, not indeed of modesty, but refinement. A stranger meets him in Fleet Street, and with hat in hand accosts him: "Pardon me, I have not the pleasure of knowing you, and I feel that I am committing an indiscretion. Still, perhaps under the circumstances—"

"What on earth do you want to say?" exclaims the other, impatiently.

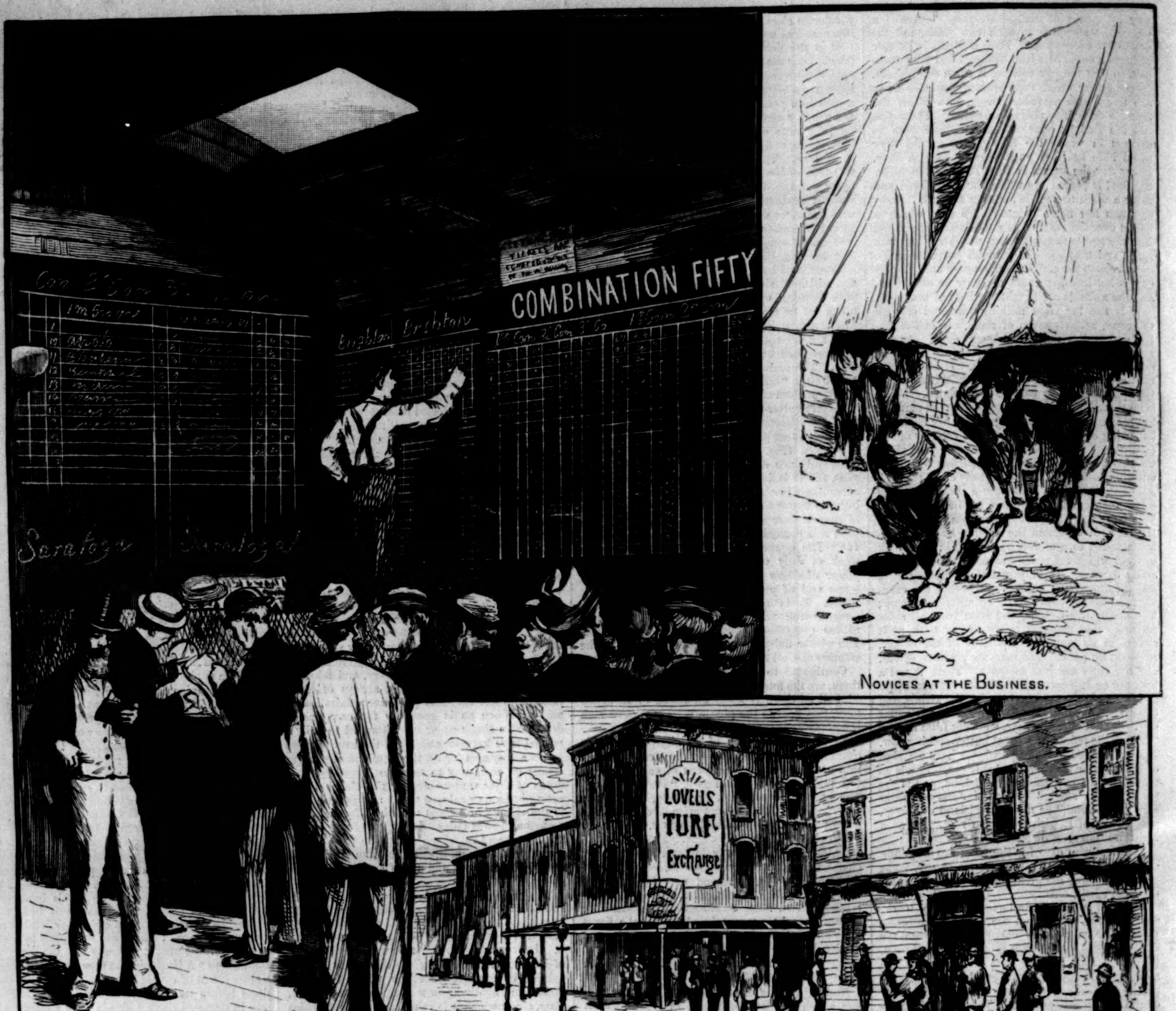
"Oh, nothing of any consequence, but your coat tails are on fire."

Which arose from his carrying his match-box there, and sitting on it.

In Paris the good feeling of the people is sometimes in advance not only of its government, but of its men of science. A physiologist was advertised to give a public lecture recently, at the Palace of the Trocadéro, on vivisection. He had his frogs, his rabbits, his dogs, and other unhappy victims on his table, and was about to begin his brutalities, when a lady sprang on to the platform, and entered her protest against the proceedings. Her eloquence carried the audience with her, and the vivisectionist, one Laborde, whispering that he was the victim of a "clerical cabal," had to withdraw. I wish I could think that the clergy had anything to do with his discomfiture, but the fact is they have by no means stigmatized these infamies as they deserve.

A certain individual is earning an unenviable notoriety by publishing, on the instant after copyright has expired, the works of authors which they have all their lives been anxious to suppress. Dickens once described a certain person as a "literary ghoul," and it is perhaps on this account that this miscreant, fitting the cap upon himself, has taken especial pains to desecrate that great novelist's memory. He has just published a work pompously designated as *Plays and Poems of Charles Dickens*, the contents of which are absolutely valueless, and which can only have the interest of a forbidden thing to any human being. As respects one of these plays, "The Village Coquettes," Dickens himself was so conscious of its worthlessness that he told Mr. Frederick Locker that if he had a copy of it in his own house, and could not destroy it in any other way, he would burn down the house. Notwithstanding which, it is now given to the public by this ghoul. "Cursed be he who moves these bones," says Shakspeare, but how much worse is the creature who republishes these books!

R. Kemble, of London.



COMBINATION FIFTY
Brighton
Brighton
Saratoga
Saratoga
LOVELLS TURF EXCHANGE
Saratoga
Brighton

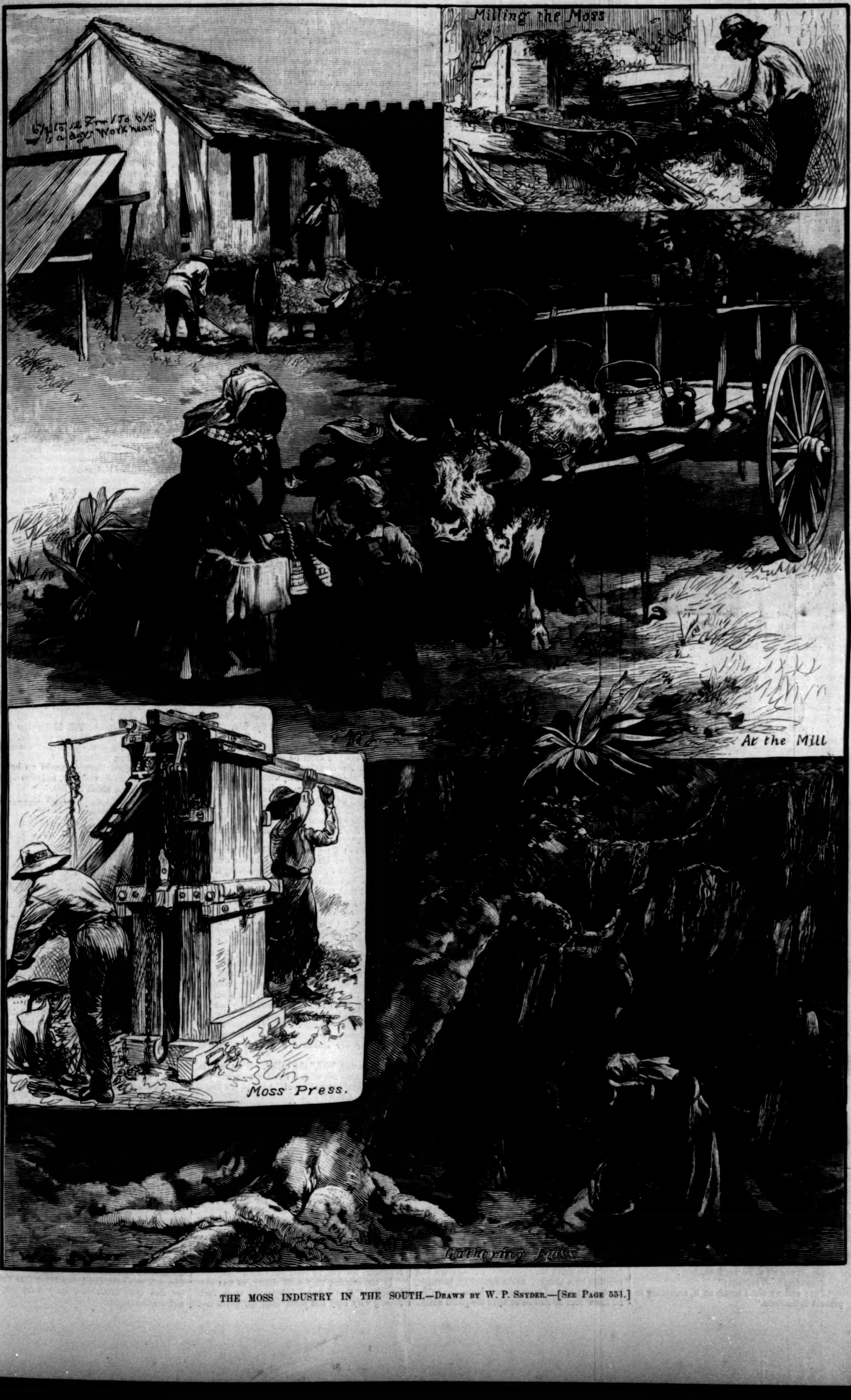
Selling Checks or Numbers.

Novices at the Business.

Exterior of the Pool Rooms

Selling Pools at Auction

THE POOL-ROOMS AT LONG ISLAND CITY.—Drawn by C. D. Weldon.—[See Page 555.]



Milling the Moss

At the Mill

Moss Press.

Gathering Moss

THE MOSS INDUSTRY IN THE SOUTH.—DRAWN BY W. P. SNYDER.—[SEE PAGE 551.]

A MEMORY KEPT GREEN.

In early summer came a lily,
Lovely lily,
In time to hear the farewell of the rose;
The shining leaves its golden heart disclosing
Were full of grace, and white as winter snows,
And as it stood among the other flowers,
That brighter seemed because it was so fair,
In grateful joy that it so soon had blossomed,
It flung its sweets upon the garden air.

A few short days passed by. The lily,
Fragrant lily,
Had fallen from its tall and slender stem,
And, dust-assoiled, around it were all scattered
The jewels of its anther-diadem.
"Alas!" it sighed, "my life was quickly over;
And when the flaunting tiger-lilies blow,
Save a frail stalk, there will be naught remaining
That I have ever lived and bloomed to show."

"Nay," said a tiny voice, "dear lily,
Angel lily!
Shelter and shade you kindly gave to me
When at your feet a little seed I nestled,
And, trust me, *I'll* keep green your memory."
And at this moment, near the tiger-lilies,
The tall stem stands that held that fairest one,
And round it lovingly a vine is twining,
With morning-glories smiling in the sun.

Margaret Eytinge.

HUFF AND TIFF.

Who were they? They were Mr. and Mrs. Thwaite, and had been so for a few weeks only. They became Huff and Tiff when they married.

Although they were well-to-do citizens of great New Lancaster, they had not been married grandly in church, because they were so young; and if the truth must out, it had been a runaway match. No one could understand why they had run away, as the opposition to their marriage had been more of a postponing character than anything else; but Mr. Thwaite had suggested that the former Miss Featherly had too little money for his son's intended wife. There had been a stormy scene, in which the two vessels, old and young gentleman, had come into collision, amid claps of thunder. Is it necessary to say more? No; surely all persons of twenty will see why young Thwaite married precipitately, and flew with his charming wife into lodgings.

"Huff dear, I'm all ready," said his wife, entering the room.

She was dressed for walking, it being near dinner-time, and she wore her bending spring hat and her clinging buff gown. Her teeth glinted, her eyes darkened, as she looked down at her husband, who had been reading a novel of Victor Hugo.

Thwaite glanced up, stretched, sprang to his feet, and bustled about, getting his hat, gloves, cane. Then he clapped his side scientifically.

"You have your purse?"

"Yes," says he. "You have your parasol?"

"Yes," says she.

They went and had their dinner.

Thwaite had been silent all the way home from the hotel restaurant. When they got back to their pretty parlor, he sank into a chair, and stared before him fixedly.

"What's the matter?" asked Tiff, catching sight of something unaccustomed about him.

"Oh, nothing, Tiff. Don't trouble yourself about it. Only—" his lips remained open, but no words followed.

"Dearest, have you fallen ill?"

"No; partly, though. I've fallen into ill luck. I thought I had some money in an inner compartment of my purse, and—it is not there!"

"You've spent it?"

"Certainly not! That is, I suppose I *must* have."

"And what have you in the outside compartments of your purse?" asked Tiff, lazily fanning herself and putting her two dainty feet on the hassock.

The only answer Thwaite seemed likely to make was to begin feeling of all his pockets.

"Hey?" said Tiff.

"Why, none there now," answered Thwaite, shortly, as if of course he hadn't.

"Good gracious!" said Tiff, snapping her bracelet, "how unusual, isn't it?"

"Why, yes, that's what troubles me; I never was out of cash in all my life before this."

"Aren't there such things as checks?" asked Mrs. Thwaite, turning her eyes upon him lovingly.

Thwaite laughed.

"I should think so! But then I haven't any about me."

"There are so many banks. Where do you cash your checks?"

"When I have them," said Thwaite, going to the mantel-piece to light a cigar, "I cash 'em at the first bank I come to."

"Perhaps if you go to a bank they'll give you a check to cash," said she.

"No, hardly."

"Aren't there such things as accounts at banks?"

"Heavens, Tiff, why not?"

"Well, then, go to the bank where you have one."

Her husband took his cigar from his lips, growing pale.

"What the deuce am I to do? I have no balance."

Mrs. Thwaite shook out a fold of her dress with a gentle wave of the hand. Her husband was again staring fixedly into the desert of his dilemma. She rose, and going to him, laid that graceful hand of hers upon his shoulder.

"What difference can it make?" said she—"about money, I mean? Something will happen. Perhaps you have money in your trunk. It is quite funny to think of two people who care about each other as we do, talking so much about such a vulgar thing."

"That's all very fine," Thwaite murmured; "but what are we to do for breakfast?"

"Breakfast?—*break*fast?"

"Yes; and we shall break on it, according to present indications."

"Pshaw! I'm sure I can do without it just for once," Tiff assured him, almost laughing.

He meditated, convinced that he could not get along without it, even for once; and although he had just heavily dined, he began to feel symptoms of hunger. The imagination is everything.

Thwaite was stunned; but before morning he had realized that he must find work. What did work mean to him? A fine walk, at worst; gloves, cane, refreshments, diplomacy; a governor with the money, a dread of being sent to Europe.

Tiff was as fresh as a rose the next day. She popped her head out of the window, and sniffed the air.

"How perfectly sweet it is this morning!" said she. "I mean to wear my gray linen."

"Where are you going?" asked Huff.

She turned slowly, and gazed at him. "Oh yes, I do remember now. No breakfast!"

"It is too, too cruel, my love," says he, leaning against anything he could find, in despair. "But I shall go to a place or two of business I know of, and get something profitable to do at once. Upon my word I will soon be back, fully equipped for a hearty lunch. As you say, nothing serious can befall two happy young beings like you and me."

Off he went into the sunshine, and Tiff sat down demurely, curious to find out what would happen next.

She had to wait till evening for that "next thing," unless a series of strange phases of feeling could be counted as interesting. It was then that Huff Thwaite burst into the room, his face gleaming whitely in the dim light.

"Tiff! oh, Tiff!"

She did not answer, but in a moment slowly raised herself from the sofa, her hand to her forehead.

"My child, are you famished?" exclaimed her husband, with glistening eyes.

"Only—very—dizzy," whispered Tiff, faintly, winking rapidly, and panting in the greatest trouble. "Where am I? What have we been doing?"

"Oh, my dear, I have been up and down the city all day, finally securing a capital connection with father's rival insurance company, but, by the beard of Moses! I have had nothing but a glass of wine and a biscuit since last evening. As soon as I was fairly launched in business this afternoon, I realized that of course I could not expect to receive any cash the first day, and I became almost wild with anxiety. Yet it was imperative to smile. Do you not know that it is imperative in business to smile?"

"I don't care if it is!" retorted Tiff, with some show of life. "And *you* should care more that I am very, very ill. I have read Hugo until I am as hungry as a giantess."

"But, Tiff, I have one profound hope in this terrible dilemma, in which it now seems as if we should literally starve unless my hope proves well grounded. Have not you any money?"

Mrs. Thwaite threw her head back daintily, shrugged her shoulders in mockery, her pale lips smiling, her lustrous eyes glancing scornfully over her husband's head.

"Do not keep me waiting for your answer," he cried, kneeling before her.

"Why, certainly I have money," answered she. "How could I have pin-money else? Huff, you are beyond your depth, I think."

"Bravo! we are saved!" exclaimed Thwaite, springing up, and waltzing a few steps with his cane. Then stopping, he asked, "How came you not to mention it at once last evening? Give me your purse without delay, dearest Tiff, and let us start at once for our pretty little table at the restaurant."

Tiff walked over to the encouraging figure in the middle of the room, her hands behind her sloping waist.

"Huff Thwaite," she demanded, "do you mean to say you would use my pin-money to support us?"

"I say we're in a deuced fix, and any money would be rather acceptable. Haven't you pins enough? Or are you in a condition to starve another twenty-four hours?"

"Huff Thwaite, I never could have believed *it*."

"*What!*"

"That you could not take care of me." She began to cry, and spent all the tears she had longed to shed during the day, but would not shed them because Huff was taking care of her.

He was wretchedly hungry. His pulse was awfully high, or low, he did not know which; and as for his wife, she might die before morning for want of an oyster patty. Upon the top of these dire facts lay the purse in her pocket or upper drawer. He was deeply angered. Something whirled round in his heart, and sent the blood to his forehead, and he bit his lips before he knew that he was inclined to. He sat down in a bowed position, his thumbs in his pockets. He heard the light pattering of a spring shower in the gathering darkness, and he also heard his wife feeling about in the next room, turning a key, and coming back to where he sulked. She said "Here!" dramatically. He looked up, and saw a pretty purse before his nose. The next instant Tiff Thwaite was looking at her husband in blank dismay. Huff had risen with a bitter and graceful elegance, and the purse had skimmed through a pane of the window with a tinkling crash.

Tiff turned to the sofa, and threw herself down at full length, gloriously wretched.

Huff vanished. He went out into the drizzling rain to hunt for the purse. He struck matches that sizzled, and was several times on the point of being run over by vehicles, and there is scarcely any doubt that his misfortunes were further augmented by the use of words after which the faithful historian draws an exclamation mark and supplies by a blank. All in a moment, however, he thought he had stepped on a mouse, and then he knew that he had come upon the plush wallet. In the hall he opened it hastily, expecting to find perhaps a few gold pieces; but his luck was far better than he had expected. What could Tiff have been thinking of to forget about it or withhold it, dear little goose! How could her charming ghost have profited by her pin-money, supposing they had both starved?

In a couple of hours more Tiff's headache had gone off like mist, and they both looked even gayer than before the terrible ordeal of that day had set in.

At nine o'clock there came a knock at the door. The servant stepped over to Mrs. Thwaite, and said something in a low voice. Mrs. Thwaite replied in the same manner. Who could have supposed that there would be a serious sequel to such a slight occurrence? When the servant had withdrawn, says Tiff, "Please, Huff, hand me five dollars."

"Certainly, Tiff. But, on second thoughts, remember how careful we must be for a month."

"I wish you would reflect that the laundress must be paid."

"Oh, we can't spend money in so lavish a way as that at present. She must wait."

"Well," says the blooming wife, unconcerned one way or the other, "I'll go and send her off."

She left the room, and did not return for five minutes. Then, after sitting down again, and reading a few pages of Mrs. Browning, she looked up with a smile as if at some joke, which was inexplicable under the circumstances, "I had to give her the clothes," said she.

"Did you? I thought you always did."

"I mean, of course, the laundried ones she had brought."

"Weren't they just right?"

"Huff, you are getting obtuse. She took them *in payment*."

"Mercy!"

"I can make my things last just about a month that way."

"But how am I to manage with only twenty-four shirts, and at least seven thrown to the dogs a week?"

"That does seem a problem," mused Tiff, laying down Mrs. Browning's poems temporarily on her knee. "Couldn't you buy a flannel shirt, and wear it ever so long?"

"Couldn't *you* get a bathing-dress?" demanded Huff, with withering sarcasm.

"Oh!" gasped Tiff, "how fearful you *always* are!"

Suppose the quarrel over, and for a day or two intense peace. Then came an episode.

"Well, dears, how *do* you do?" The speaker was a fine girl, joyous with early morning air and unusual excitement.

Huff and Tiff were transfixed. They were just starting out for breakfast.

"I was determined to find you in, and so I came at this hour," went on the visitor. "It has taken us a good while to find you, since papa would hear of it. The detective says you drank Steinberger Cabinet yesterday—"

"How dare you enter the same air we breathe?" thundered Huff, striding up to his sister and taking her round the waist for a stout kiss. "We ignore your existence."

"What a lovely room!" exclaimed Esther, sitting down with Tiff upon the sofa, with a sweep of the eyes, and then bending sideways toward the bride's cheek until cheek and lips met. "You dear!"

"You love!" says Tiff, and they embrace.

"Papa says you must be married over again; go through the form, and all the show and importance," remarked Esther, with the most fascinating, lazy nonchalance. "He said he never saw anything go off so like cotton into flames as you did, brother; just as though any one was more in love with your Bessie Featherly than he was. He don't remember forbidding the marriage at all."

"Please to tell my father," said Huff, severely, looking down at his wife, who held her chin in her hand, "that I remember his forbidding it (or as bad as forbidding it) very distinctly. And please add that from this time forth my father, yes, and all the rest of you, is—are—dead to me!"

"Dreadful words those, Will," sighed his sister, glancing up with compressed lips. "Don't you think so, Bessie?"

Mrs. Tiff shook her head and smiled. "Mr. Thwaite is never in the wrong," says she, and feels a little awkward at her own assertion.

Esther thought a moment, and then said she believed she would not stay any longer just now. Huff said he would see her home, and then reflected that he could not very well carry out his intention. Esther upon this explained that she had come in the carriage. When she had bowed herself through the open door, she stopped to throw over her shoulder a roulade of genial laughter.

"By-the-way, Will," she called, "if we were in *the* fashionable set, what a terrible notoriety you two wild things would have! As it is, it's like a nice play. Adieu!"

"I wish my mother would come now," said Tiff, after the door had closed upon her husband's buoyant sister—who was also a school friend—and after a pause, or something equivalent to one. Huff had not descended to the carriage with Miss Thwaite, for fear of catching sight of the world-dreaded grin on the footman's visage.

"Your mother is a woman, dear," answered Thwaite, as if that meant something unusual, "and it will take a long time for her to come round as my father has done."

"But you are as unrelenting as you can be," suggested Tiff.

Huff would like to have said that as a young husband he could not be otherwise than he was, but as he felt that this might be too brilliant a revelation for Tiff, he remained silent.

In the evening they were sitting, as was customary, in the cheerful blue-tinted room, Huff feeling very cozy and aloof from the world and annoying relatives, and remembering his day's occupation in the rival insurance office as if it were a dream.

The door was opened hastily, and a figure presented itself which dashed their united calm to atoms.

It was Esther, pale and trembling, her ashen face emphasized by a black veil around it, and over her colored dress a heavy black shawl. Thwaite hurried to her, and took her ungloved hands in his.

"My sister! what has happened to you?"

"Let me sit down, or I shall faint," whispered Esther, dropping her head against his arm. Thwaite led her to an easy-chair, and helped her down upon its soft cushions. Tiff was alert in opening the window, and then running to Esther's side, finding her, however, a little less faint, her eyes looking rapidly from one to the other, as the two sympathetic young people bent toward her.

"Dear sister," sobbed Tiff, "has something terrible happened?"

"My father," said the white-faced girl, in low tones, shutting her eyes.

"Father! father!" cried Thwaite, deeply agitated, and clutching his sister's hands in a firmer grasp. "What news of him?"

"Dead!"

The young couple sank on either side of Esther, crushed and horrified. Without opening her eyes, Esther spoke on:

"When I told him how you received his loving messages, brother Will, in one moment—"

Thwaite's distress was agonizing. Esther stopped speaking, opened her eyes, and leaned forward eagerly.

"Was it right to be so harsh and unyielding to your own father, Will?"

Her brother had withdrawn to the other side of the room, his face buried in his arms against the wall.

"Oh, Esther, have we no hope?" Tiff sobbed.

"Why, yes, there is hope in this case," Miss Thwaite said, in a different tone. Will Thwaite turned, his face covered with tears. "You said it, brother, and you can undo it. Dead *to you!*"

Esther had played a dangerous game, but she was a determined girl, and felt equal to the emergency. Her strong presence and sound good cheer buoyed up the two victims of her scheme, and enabled Thwaite to recover from the shock he had undergone.

She drew a letter from her pocket which had been written by Will's elder brother in Chicago to his father upon hearing of the runaway match. He praised Will up to the skies, and declared that any girl he chose must be a priceless jewel, whether she possessed any or not, and he begged his father to do the handsome thing by them both. "And so," concluded Esther, "papa wants to give you a magnificent reception."

She had thrown aside her black drapery, and dusted the powder from her cheeks with a flourish of her scented handkerchief, and now ran to the parlor door, and called, "John!" in a business-like way. In another instant a walking hill of flowers emerged from the shadows of the entry, and John, in dark green cloth and silver buttons, set two huge baskets of flowers upon the carpet. "Papa sent them to you, Bessie, with his love," says Esther. "And I shall soon be here again, shall I not?"

"Oh *do!*" answered Tiff, hiding her face on Huff's shoulder with a twining of arms.

"Give our love to the governor," roared Huff, flushed, grinning, jubilant.

Esther laughed merrily, caught up her black drapery, and ran down-stairs, followed by John, with a contortion about his lips.

Rose H. Lathrop.

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MULTUM IN PARVO.

A SERIES OF

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WITH NO WASTE OF WORDS.

By CHARLES READE,

Author of "Hard Cash," "Put Yourself in His Place," "Foul Play," "Griffith Gaunt," "The Woman-Hater," etc.

SINGLEHEART, AND DOUBLEFACE.

A MATTER-OF-FACT ROMANCE.

CHAPTER XI.

Joseph Pinder and Deborah Smart kept the home and the little shop, and were on those terms of gentle fellowship which often lead to a closer union when some stronger attachment ceases to interfere. When a month had elapsed they began to be very anxious to hear from Sarah; and one evening Pinder said if she had written the day she landed, or even the day after, they ought to have had a letter that very day.

"Oh!" said Deborah, "he won't let her write to *us*. That is my trouble, now—we shall never know whether she is dead or alive."

Pinder could not bring himself to believe that; so then they had a discussion. It was interrupted by the rattle of a fly drawing up at the door. Wheel visitors were rare at that house. Deborah thought the man had drawn up at the wrong door; Pinder said he would go and see; a knock at the door settled the question. Pinder opened it; and there, full in the gas-light, stood Sarah Mansell and Lucy. Pinder uttered a loud exclamation. She gave a little sign of satisfaction, and put both hands on his shoulders. "Yes, my good Joseph, here we are, thank Heaven! Oh, sister!" and she stopped Deborah's scream of amazement and delight by flying into her arms. The cab was paid, the boxes taken into the parlor, and then Sarah and Lucy were inspected and cuddled again.

Then came a fusillade of questions. "But what brought you back so soon? Did he change his mind? I never thought he would let you come back at all. And looking like a rose; you are properly sunburned; but it becomes you—everything becomes my sister. Here's your picture; it has been our only comfort. Aren't you hungry after your journey?"

"Indeed I am."

"Bless you! And I could almost bless him for bringing you back in such health and spirits. There, you go upstairs and make yourselves comfortable; your supper shall be ready in ten minutes. Oh dear! I don't know whether I'm on my head or my heels for joy."

In due course the cloth was laid for five, and supper served.

"Will he be here to supper?" asked Deborah, with a laughable diminution of ardor.

"No."

"That is odd. Of course he will sleep here?"

"No."

At this Deborah and Pinder sat open-mouthed, and could hardly believe their senses. Sarah, brimful of health and in good spirits, yet her husband not with her. He could not be far off, thought Deborah.

"He is in Liverpool?"

"No."

"Then he is coming by next boat."

"No."

"Well, I never."

"Let us welcome her, not question her," suggested Pinder; "she will tell us all about it when she chooses. It is enough for me to see her looking so well and so happy."

"Happy, because I am at peace, and because I have got back to two dear friends. Ah! I saw you both in my dream, sitting over that picture there and saying, 'We shall never see her again.'"

"Oh, gracious heavens! and so we did," cried Deborah.

"I was sure of it," Sarah replied, "the vision was so plain."

Deborah's curiosity burned her; she could not help putting questions directly or indirectly. Sarah parried them calmly; then came a practical and somewhat delicate question. Deborah approached it indirectly.

"Since you went I was afraid to be alone in the house, and Mr. Pinder he has slept in Lucy's room."

Sarah saw at once what she would be at, and said: "Pray make no change for me. Lucy will sleep with me in the best bedroom. We shall both prefer it, shall we not?"

"Oh yes, mamma! I like to be with you day and night."

Deborah was charmed at the arrangement, and so was Pinder; he had expected to be politely consigned to some other dwelling. Deborah, however, must try once more to draw her sister.

"This is a blessed state of things," said she, "but I am afraid 'tis too good to last. He will drop on us some day, and turn us to the right-about."

Sarah would not utter a syllable in reply, and wore an impassive countenance, as if she took no interest whatever in the speculation. It must be confessed this was enough to exasperate curiosity. "Well," said Deborah, in despair, "will you answer me one thing? Has he collared the money?" Sarah put her hand to her bosom and produced a bundle of notes. "It is all here except the travelling expenses," she said, calmly.

"I am glad of that," said Pinder; "and for pity's sake, don't question her any more."

Sarah smiled. "Don't be hard on her, Joseph," said she. "She must ask questions, being a woman, and one that loves me. But I'm not bound to answer them, you know."

"If she won't bear to be questioned, she shall go to bed, for I am dying with curiosity. Aren't you, Mr. Pinder? Now tell the truth."

"Well, I am," was the frank reply. "But I don't want to know everything all in a moment. I'd rather have her here and know nothing more than know everything and *not* have *her*."

Deborah acquiesced hypocritically, because she had just remembered she could get it all out of Lucy. That young lady now showed fatigue, and the little party separated for the night.

"One word," said Deborah to Sarah in her bedroom. "Give me one word to sleep on. Are you happy?"

"Sister, I am content."

Deborah pumped Lucy. Lucy, to her infinite surprise, pursed up her lips, and would not say a word.

Her mother had made her promise most solemnly not to reveal anything whatever that had happened to them in New York.

Deborah writhed under this, but Pinder made light of it, and really there was plenty to balance the want of complete information. Sarah resumed her business; he was once more her associate, and his jealousy was set to sleep.

Her husband was not there, and no longer filled her thoughts. She never fretted for him; indeed, she ignored the man. The phenomenon was new and unaccountable, but certain. Joseph Pinder threw himself with more ardor than ever into her service, and persuaded her to seize an opportunity, and rent larger and better-situated premises in a good thoroughfare. Here their trade was soon quadrupled, and Sarah Mansell was literally on the road to fortune. By-and-by Lucy's health failed. It was "Pinder to the rescue" directly. He took a little villa and garden outside the town, and there he established Deborah and Lucy with a maid-servant. Sarah slept there. Pinder had a room there, but generally slept on the old premises.

All this time he was making visible advances in the affection of Sarah Mansell. Indeed, that straightforward woman never condescended to conceal her growing affection for him. The change was visible on the very night of her arrival; but now, as the months rolled on, her innocent affection and tenderness for the friend who had suffered for her and loved her these ten years grew and grew. Deborah saw it. Lucy saw it. The last to see it was Joseph himself; but even he discovered it at last with a little help from Deborah. In truth, it was undisguised. The only mystery was how it could be reconciled with her character, for she was a wife, and the most prudent of women. Then why let Joseph Pinder see he was the man she cared for, and the only one? However, one day the exultant Joseph found there were limits. In the ardor of his affection he went to kiss her. She drew back directly. "Please don't forget I am James Mansell's wife." And for a day or two after that her manner was guarded and reserved. This was a warning to Mr. Joseph Pinder. A full and sweet affection visibly offered, but passion declined without a moment's hesitation. Joseph was chilled and disappointed for the moment, but what he had endured for her in less happy times reconciled him to the limits she now imposed. The situation was heavenly compared with those that had preceded it, and above all he saw nobody to be jealous of. He had also little auxiliary joys in the affection of Lucy and Deborah. These two, as well as Sarah, loved, petted, and made much of him.

How long this placid affection and sweet tranquil content—the most enduring happiness nature permits, if man could but see it—might have endured, I can not say, for it was cut short about ten months after Sarah's return by a revelation that let in passion and let out peace.

They did now a brisk trade with the United States; and one evening a new agent came from New York with liberal offers. This man happened to be a gossip and a friend of Solomon Grace. "Mansell!" said he (the name over the shop). "I could tell you a queer story connected with that name."

"It's not an uncommon name," said Pinder. "Was it James Mansell?"

"No; it was a woman—a Mrs. Mansell. My friend Grace's wife—that is now—found her seated on a door-step with a little girl; she said she had missed her husband. Mrs. Grace—at least, Mrs. Haynes, she was then—asked her in, and liked her so well she gave her her supper and a bed. Presently home comes Mr. Haynes, her husband, quite unexpected. They had a hug or two, I suppose, and talked of their family affairs. And it seems this Mrs. Mansell listened, for next day this Haynes, as he called himself, missed £400 sterling that was sewed inside his pocket. There was a row; one said one thing, one said another. Then—let me see—what's next? Oh, I remember!—what do you think? Mr. and Mrs. Haynes were watching the steamboat starting for England. Doesn't Mrs. Mansell step on deck all of a sudden and shake the missing bank-notes in both their faces—"

"Capital!" roared Pinder. "Go on! go on!"

"And it turned out she had only taken back her own, for this Haynes was no Haynes at all, but one Mansell, if you please, and had been taking a turn at bigamy."

"The scoundrel! Now I see it all."

"However, it didn't pay. Both the women sacked him, and Mrs. Haynes's friends wanted to imprison him. But Solomon Grace said, 'Don't let's have a row. Marry me.' Mind, he had always been sweet on her. So she married him like a bird. Why, you seem quite fluttered like. Do you know the people?"

"I do. This very shop belongs to that same Mrs. Mansell. Do tell! How things come about!"

"But of course the story is no news to you?" said the agent.

"Yes, it is. She never mentions his name."

"No wonder. It must be a sore subject."

"Where is the villain? What has become of him? Any chance of his coming over here?"

"How can I tell?"

You may imagine the effect of this story upon Pinder. He went out to the villa hot with it, and glowing with love and pity for Sarah and rage at her husband. But during the walk he cooled a little, and began to ask himself if he ought to go and blurt out his information.

Sarah must have some reason for withholding it so long. Why, of course she was mortified, and would not thank him if he went and published it. Herein he misunderstood Sarah's motive—it was more profound, and the result of much thought and forecast. However, she will speak for herself. As for Pinder, he took a middle course: he confided it to Deborah, stipulating that she should feel her way with Sarah, and see how she could bear the truth being known.

Deborah acted on these instructions. But Sarah broke through them all in a moment, and told her the whole truth.

Next morning after breakfast she spoke privately to Pinder.

"So you have heard something about what parted James Mansell and me forever?" (She had divined at once it must have come through Pinder.)

"Yes, Sarah, to tell the truth, I have."

"Well, Deborah will tell you the whole story. It is not a matter I care to talk about."

"I would rather have heard it from you than from a stranger. Did you doubt whose side I should be on?"

"No, Joseph, not for a moment. If you must know, it was entirely for your sake I kept it to myself."

"For my sake? Why, it only makes my heart warm a little more to you. To think that such an angel as you should ever be deceived and pillaged!"

"And cured. Believe it or not, I am thankful it happened, and almost grateful to the man for undeceiving me before I wasted any more affection on such a creature. No, Joseph. I am single-hearted, as I always was, and my heart turned to you before ever you saw my face this time, and I kept that cruel story locked in my bosom for your sake. Ah, well! I was not to have my way. You know my condition now—neither maid, wife, nor widow—and I am afraid it will unsettle your mind, and this will not be the happy home it has been."

She sighed as she said this. He smiled at her wild apprehensions. But she was wise, and one that knew the heart of a man, and had forecasts.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

LONG ISLAND CITY POOL ROOMS.

THE citizens of Long Island City, better and less euphoniously known as Hunter's Point, have been for some time dissatisfied with their local administration. The "city" comprises a number of buildings near the water-side at the terminus of the Long Island Railroad, to which access is gained from New York by a ferry from Thirty-fourth Street. By including several suburbs of better repute than itself, its population is made to appear as 15,600. It further consists of a morass, in which a large red court-house, or possibly city hall, has been built. It is not an inviting place to look at, and particularly not to smell of. In fact, its reputation has been gained by reason of the variety and intensity of the odors which emanate from it. They are not so bad as they used to be, but when the wind is in the east it revives the memory of Hunter's Point in the minds of many thousands of New-Yorkers who would willingly let it die.

The moral aroma of Hunter's Point is much like its physical flavor, and that which we called Hunter's Point does not exhale a more grateful perfume under the name of Long Island City. To begin with, Long Island City does not pay the debts of Hunter's Point. The last Legislature passed a bill to enforce the collection of taxes, but the collection of taxes has not been enforced. No provision has been made for meeting the interest on the "city" bonds, which are about to fall due, and upon which, for the third time, the municipality will default. The industries of the city, moreover, appear to consist, besides the oil works and other manufactories of noisome products, of pool-selling and other forms of gambling, the sale of spirituous liquors at retail, cock-fighting—particularly on Sunday—and politics. It is alleged that these latter industries are practiced by the same persons. The local newspaper, which is in favor of reform, and therefore bears a melancholy resemblance to a pelican in the wilderness, has frequently pointed out the inconsistency involved in the constant attendance at cock-fights on Sundays of the official guardians of public order. It is asserted that one of the aldermen, who has expressed much anxiety to put down pool-selling, and the sheriff, who has expressed a willingness to do the same thing, are constant attendants at a "saloon" which is one of the strongholds of disorder. Meanwhile the selling of pools on horse-races and other sporting events is continued with all the more activity in Long Island City because of the check that has been administered to it in New York. All of the important metropolitan operators have "branches" in Long Island City, and these branches flourish much more luxuriantly than the parent stems.

The Mayor is considered chiefly responsible for this pleasant state of things by such of the citizens as find it objectionable, and they have circulated a petition asking him either to enforce the laws or to resign. He has announced his intention of leaving the "city" for two weeks. This may be intended as a compromise, but is generally regarded as an evasion. It is asserted that the Mayor's departure is connected with an order lately served upon him, requiring him to furnish a bill of particulars of his claim against the city in a suit which has been brought against him for failing to account for $108,000 of money belonging to the "city," and in which he sets up that instead of his owing the "city" $108,000, the "city" owes him $6000.

The "raid" of the sheriff of Queens County on the pool-sellers of Long Island City, which took place on Saturday night, August 26, had the effect of dispersing for a time at least the set of gamblers who have so long defied authority and public sentiment; but as no arrests were made, it is not improbable that these persistent law-breakers will only shift their base of operations.

WAIFS AND STRAYS.

ONE of the workmen engaged in repairing a church in Texas found beneath the floor three round packages done up in oil-cloth. He was about to toss them aside, when some one suggested that they might contain dynamite. Investigation showed that they did, and that a supply of nitro-glycerine and a set of burglars' tools were also concealed in the church. It came out that a gang of cracksmen had been using the sacred edifice as their head-quarters.

Perhaps the most noteworthy feature of life at summer resorts is the cheerfulness with which ordinarily prudent people go out and acquire colds that will stay by them until the holidays.

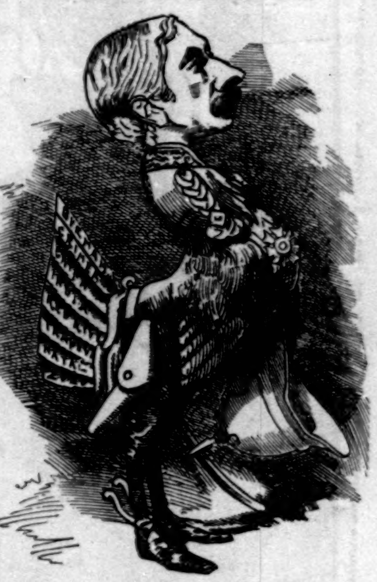
In the course of his recent visit to Newport, President Arthur declined to be entertained at an old-fashioned Rhode Island clam-bake. It may be that Presidents can afford to let such an opportunity pass, but they are the only ones who can; and indeed it is doubtful whether the Rhode-Islanders will have their usual confidence in the wisdom of the Chief Magistrate now that he has put away from him one of the best gifts that can be tendered to man. Perhaps, however, the President deemed that the etiquette of the clam-bake was incompatible with the dignity which the head of the nation should preserve in public, and that when he declined the invitation he consoled himself with the thought that he could make his way around to Rocky Point some day before the close of his visit, and enjoy a shore dinner, with all that the term implies, unobserved and undisturbed in his enjoyment. The President, being a well-informed gentleman and something of an epicure, of course knew what he was denying himself when he decided not to partake of the clam-bake.

Any native-born American may boast that he has a chance to be President of the Republic; but he must go to Louisville if he wants to have the street cars wait while he electioneers with the passengers.

Statistics which have been sought out since the beginning of the war in Egypt show that white soldiers have the advantage of black troops even in tropical climates. The London *Daily News* says that in the West Indies command the mortality among the white troops last year was a little over eight and a half in a thousand, while that among the blacks was more than nineteen.

The commissioners having charge of the completion of the Washington Monument are said to have been surprised and gratified to discover that the addition of fifty feet to the five hundred contemplated in the original design will make the proportions of the shaft exactly those of an Egyptian obelisk. Perhaps a more substantial reason for gratification, so far as those who have an eye to the utility of things are concerned, is to be found in the contemplated Signal Service station on the top of the monument. The shaft will be the tallest structure in the world, and it is claimed that the observations taken on its summit will be of great value. It is said that even the people of Washington are less assiduous than formerly in ridiculing the monument, and that some of them are beginning to look upon it with kindly feelings.

PUNCH'S FANCY PORTRAITS.

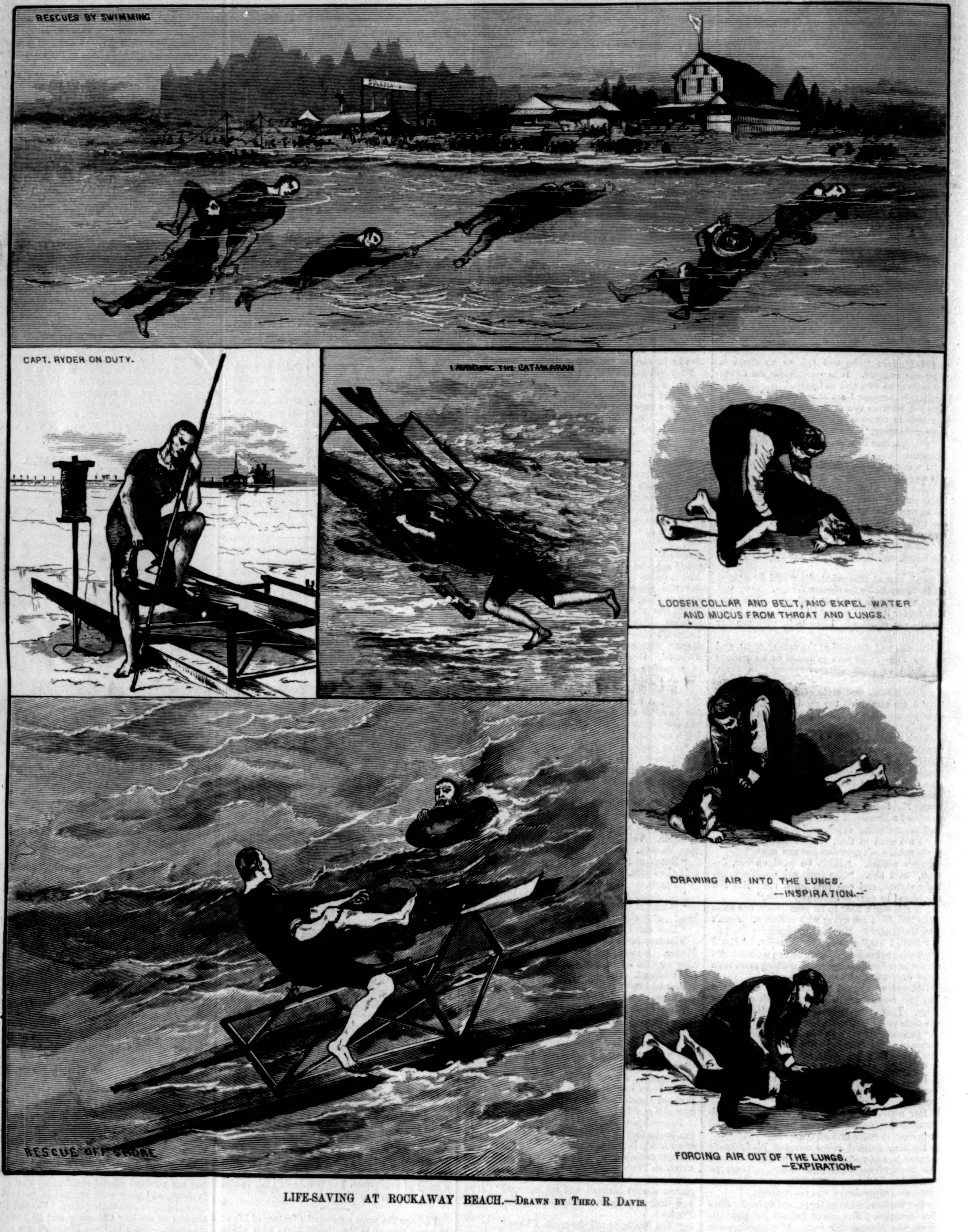


SIR GARNET WOLSELEY.

SHORT SERVICE AND QUICK RETURNS.

Rear-Admiral Nicholson, commanding the United States vessels of the European station, has written a letter to an officer of the Navy Department in which he denies having warned the Egyptians that if they fired on his vessels he would return the fire, and also denies that after the bombardment of Alexandria he steamed among the British vessels and cheered the Englishmen. He says that he did not land marines to assist the British forces, but at the request of the Khedive to protect the United States consulate, and assist in putting out the fires that were raging in that part of the city. The statements which Admiral Nicholson denies came from English sources, as has nearly all the news from Egypt since hostilities were begun. The excuse for inaccuracies will perhaps be that those statements were telegraphed before the existing censorship of the dispatches of correspondents was established.

The first movement of any importance against the keepers of opium dens in this city was made a short time ago upon the complaint of persons who were annoyed by the frequenters of the dens near their homes. The police found that although a law against keeping such resorts had been enacted some three months previously, they had not received official notification that it was in force, and they were compelled to raid the dens simply as disorderly places. Backed by the support of wealthy Chinamen and by their own resources—which in some instances are considerable—the keepers of the dens show a disposition to give the authorities a tussle before yielding. It has been suggested that if other methods of procedure should prove ineffectual, the opium-den keepers could be prosecuted under a law governing the sale of poisons, which provides that no persons who are not graduates in medicine, or have not been apprenticed during two years to a chemist, shall retail poisonous drugs. The penalty for violation of this law is a fine of one hundred dollars, or imprisonment for six months. In proceeding against the opium dens, the authorities have, as is usual, attacked first the weakest and those least productive of harm, and there seems to be ground for the fear that their zeal will have been spent before the big and harmful "joints" in the upper part of the city are reached.


RESCUES BY SWIMMING
CAPT. RYDER ON DUTY.
LAUNCHING THE CATAMARAN
LOOSEN COLLAR AND BELT, AND EXPEL WATER AND MUCUS FROM THROAT AND LUNGS.
DRAWING AIR INTO THE LUNGS. —INSPIRATION.—
RESCUE OFF SHORE
FORCING AIR OUT OF THE LUNGS. —EXPIRATION.—

LIFE-SAVING AT ROCKAWAY BEACH.—Drawn by Theo. R. Davis.

LIFE-SAVING AT ROCKAWAY BEACH.

On the white sands of Rockaway Beach, in front of the Surf House, may be seen, any day during the season, a bare-headed athletic young man, clad in a blue flannel bathing suit, who watches with interest the movements of the bathers in the surf. He revels in the hot sun, which has bleached his close-cropped hair and tanned to a deep brown his bare arms, legs, and feet, and to the casual observer he appears to be merely taking a lazy sun-bath. Near him is drawn up on the beach a nondescript craft, which, from its two hulls, is evidently a catamaran, but a very peculiar one. The young man is Captain Dominick Ryder, who, under the auspices of the American Humane Society, has organized the life-saving service of Rockaway Beach. At present, owing to a lack of funds, Captain Ryder is the sole representative of the service; but another season he hopes to have a corps of trained and efficient men constantly patrolling the beaches of both Rockaway and Coney Island.

Although at present alone in this noble work, Captain Ryder is a host in himself, and has during the past ten years saved the lives of over fifty persons, many of whom would, but for him, have found watery graves in the treacherous surf. In the first season of his life at Rockaway the captain was otherwise employed, and not professionally engaged in saving lives, but being a bold and skillful swimmer, he rushed to the rescue whenever he heard a cry of distress from the bathers, and during that season saved eight persons who were drowning, and recovered the bodies of seven more. He thinks that most of these might have been restored to life had he understood the principles of resuscitation as well then as now. The following year he began to devote himself to life-saving, and since that time has in every case brought the drowning person to land before life was extinct, and has also been uniformly successful in his efforts at resuscitation, though a few of the rescued have subsequently died from the effects of their terrible experience.

In reply to a question as to the causes of drowning accidents, Captain Ryder said that the prime cause is fright, or loss of presence of mind. A swimmer will venture beyond the life lines, and suddenly discover that a current is setting him away from shore. He at once begins a desperate struggle against it, and swimming with frantic energy, soon becomes breathless and exhausted, throws up his hands, and sinks. If he had retained his presence of mind, and swam slowly and easily, the chances are that he would have regained the beach unaided, or have kept himself afloat until assistance could have reached him. The majority of the victims are men, and nearly all are those who are, or fancy they are, good swimmers.

Captain Ryder's life-boat is a light catamaran, fitted in the middle with a frame-work, from which the rescuer propels it rapidly through the big seas by means of a pair of oars. Carried on the catamaran are a tough bamboo pole about twelve feet long, a round India-rubber life-preserver, and a coil of line. On hearing a cry of distress from the group of bathers in the surf, the captain, who has perhaps been lying idly in the warm sand, springs to his feet, full of energy, and ready for immediate action, and rapidly scans the situation. If the drowning man is at some distance from the shore, the little catamaran is dragged to the water, pushed through the big rollers, or "breaks," as Captain **Ryder** calls them, and with vigorous strokes of the oars, propelled rapidly toward the unfortunate bather. As it nears him, the rubber life-preserver, to which a line is attached, is thrown to him, and he is hauled aboard. If the victim is within quick swimming distance, the rescuer does not stop to launch his catamaran, but seizing his bamboo pole or the round life-preserver, dashes into the water. If the drowning man is conscious, and still possessed of some strength, one end of the bamboo is thrust toward him, and grasping it, he is towed ashore. If, however, he has become insensible, the round collar-like life-preserver is thrown over his head, and he is towed, or he is seized under the shoulders or by the hair and drawn ashore. In each of these cases the rescuer swims on his back or side, getting in this way—so Captain **Ryder** claims—greater power, and being able to see the movements and judge of the condition of him whom he is attempting to save. The life-saving catamaran is Captain **Ryder**'s invention, and is now largely used on beaches to which the public resort, nearly every hotel and bathing pavilion on the coast being provided with one or more of them, ready for use in an emergency. The use of the bamboo pole, by means of which the captain says he has saved more lives than in any other way, is also his own idea.

If when brought to land the rescued person is apparently dead, immediate and vigorous measures are taken for his resuscitation. The old plan of rolling on a barrel, by which more lives were destroyed than saved, has happily gone out of fashion, and given way to methods taught by science. The patient is first raised by the feet, in order that as much water as possible may run from him. He is then laid on his back, beneath the small of which a roll of cloth is placed to raise it, and while one person holds the tongue to prevent it from falling back and closing the opening of the throat, another simulates the action of breathing by alternate pressure and relaxation of the ribs, a hand being placed on either side. After a few minutes of this work the patient is quickly turned over, so that the pit of the stomach rests on the roll of cloth, and the working of the ribs is continued until the greater part of the water filling the lungs has been forced from them. The patient being once more turned over, his arms are vigorously stretched out and doubled up, or extended above the head, and then down by the sides, until a faint respiration is discovered, when he is immediately enveloped in warm blankets, with bottles of hot water at his feet. During the whole of the foregoing process his feet and various portions of his body have been smartly slapped with the palm of a hand, or with the end of a towel, to promote circulation.

When Captain **Ryder** was asked whether those whom he rescued showed much gratitude, and what seemed to be their first impulse upon recovery, he said that in the majority of cases rescued persons did not wait to express gratitude, but got into their clothes and hurried away as quickly as possible, never to be heard from by him again, and that their strongest impulse seemed to be to escape further recognition by giving a false name and address, which they did in nine cases out of ten.

In spite of the arduous nature of their duties, Captain **Ryder** says that life-savers on the beaches in the vicinity of New York are wretchedly paid for their work. He cites numerous cases of men trained by himself, and known to be skillful, active, and thoroughly conversant with the details of their business, who have been sought out by the keepers of the large beach hotels, and offered engagements for the season of two months at one dollar per day and "found"; and "mighty poor the finding is, too," said the captain. The work necessitates the spending of four or five hours or more of each day in the water or in wet clothes, it calls for the frequent exercise of terrible exertions under circumstances of peculiar excitement, and can only be performed by men who are brave, active, muscular, and well trained to it. Certainly if lives are worth saving, the business of saving them should pay something more than "a dollar a day and found."

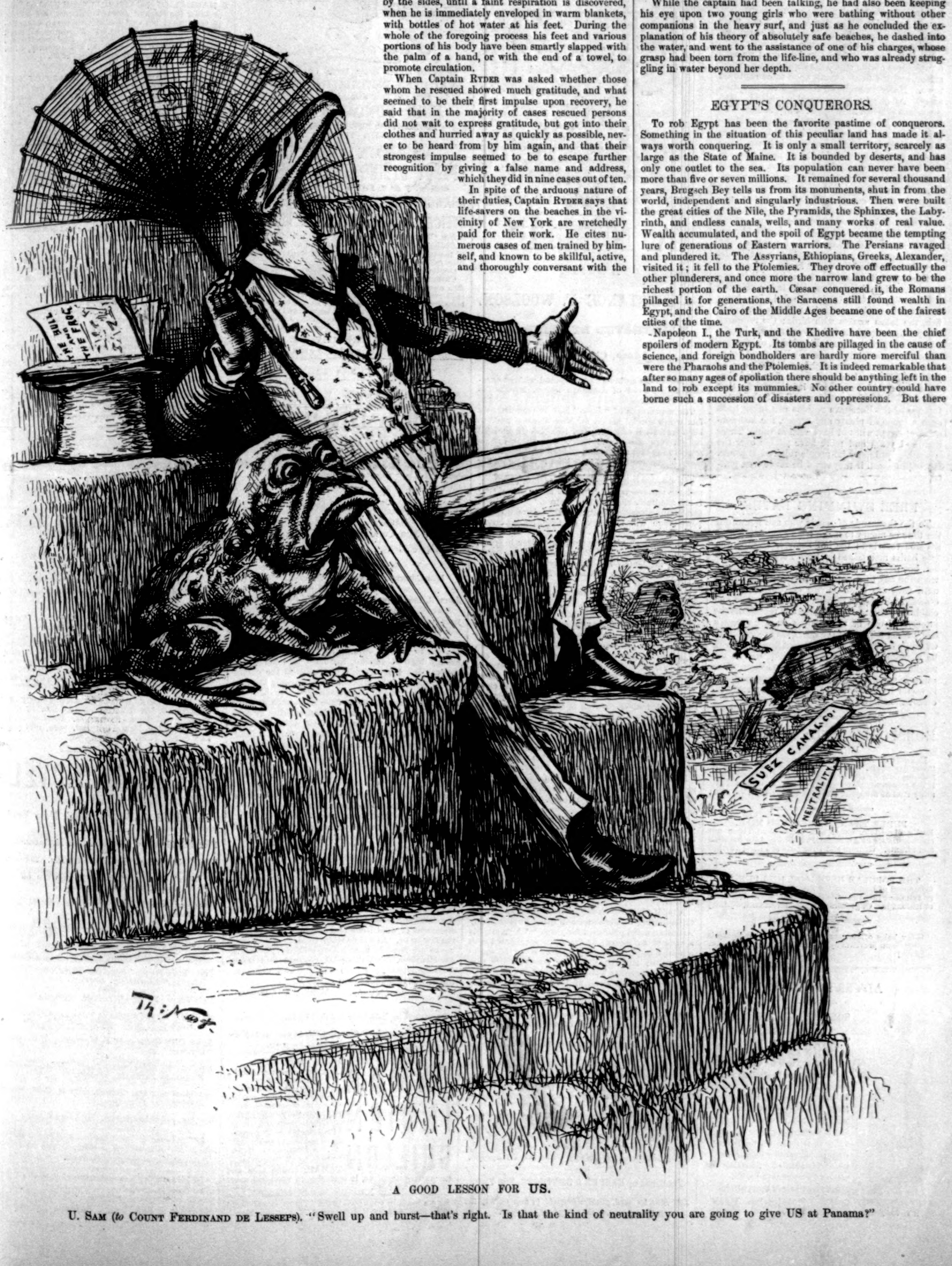
Having failed to have an efficient life-saving patrol established on the beaches by the hotel proprietors, Captain **Ryder** proposes next year to establish his own patrol, and trust to the generosity of the public to support it. He thinks this can be done, and looks forward with confidence to the time when a drowning accident on one of the great bathing beaches will be a thing unknown, and no longer to be considered as among the possibilities by those who enjoy the luxury of a bath in the surf.

While the captain had been talking, he had also been keeping his eye upon two young girls who were bathing without other companions in the heavy surf, and just as he concluded the explanation of his theory of absolutely safe beaches, he dashed into the water, and went to the assistance of one of his charges, whose grasp had been torn from the life-line, and who was already struggling in water beyond her depth.

EGYPT'S CONQUERORS.

To rob Egypt has been the favorite pastime of conquerors. Something in the situation of this peculiar land has made it always worth conquering. It is only a small territory, scarcely as large as the State of Maine. It is bounded by deserts, and has only one outlet to the sea. Its population can never have been more than five or seven millions. It remained for several thousand years, Brugsch Bey tells us from its monuments, shut in from the world, independent and singularly industrious. Then were built the great cities of the Nile, the Pyramids, the Sphinxes, the Labyrinth, and endless canals, wells, and many works of real value. Wealth accumulated, and the spoil of Egypt became the tempting lure of generations of Eastern warriors. The Persians ravaged and plundered it. The Assyrians, Ethiopians, Greeks, Alexander, visited it; it fell to the Ptolemies. They drove off effectually the other plunderers, and once more the narrow land grew to be the richest portion of the earth. Cæsar conquered it, the Romans pillaged it for generations, the Saracens still found wealth in Egypt, and the Cairo of the Middle Ages became one of the fairest cities of the time.

Napoleon I., the Turk, and the Khedive have been the chief spoilers of modern Egypt. Its tombs are pillaged in the cause of science, and foreign bondholders are hardly more merciful than were the Pharaohs and the Ptolemies. It is indeed remarkable that after so many ages of spoliation there should be anything left in the land to rob except its mummies. No other country could have borne such a succession of disasters and oppressions. But there



A GOOD LESSON FOR **US.**

U. **Sam** (*to* **Count Ferdinand de Lesseps**). "Swell up and burst—that's right. Is that the kind of neutrality you are going to give US at Panama?"

is something in the situation and peculiarities of Egypt that makes it even more important to the world of to-day than it was to that of Cæsar and Alexander. It is still the highway to the East. Discovery, science, the progress of roads and railways, have failed to provide any better means of traffic than the Red Sea and the narrow canal that links it to the Mediterranean. If, as the London *Times* (July 14) suggests, the canal under English or European control would be widened, deepened, and adapted to the use of the trade of the world, it is easy to see what a vast accession of importance would be given to Egypt. The narrow land, under a tolerable government, would become once more a scene of industry. Its people from the Delta to the Cataracts would soon grow prosperous, and perhaps content. As a commercial centre Egypt has advantages that make it certain to become again one of the world's chief resorts.

Brugsch Bey's history drawn from its monuments shows that the Egyptians were the conquerors of antiquity. The Pharaohs led out their great armies into the lands of the Hittites and the Assyrians, and came back laden with plunder. There on the tombs and temples we may see pictures of the spoil, the captives, the gems, armor, and the fierce assault upon some captured town. Massacre and ruin followed the Egyptian army. At last the outer world retaliated. The Assyrians revelled in the palaces of Thebes. The Persians held an iron rule over the people of Memphis. The Nile streamed with blood. Alexander conquered the fallen empire with ease. The Greeks and Romans held Egypt until 650 A.D. The Saracens made it a Moslem shrine. Its latest conqueror was Napoleon. Young, fierce, relentless, he seemed to emulate Alexander, and looked forward to the conquest of India. But it is to Napoleon's invasion that we owe the chief modern inquiries into the history and monuments of Egypt. The men of science he took with him began the exploration of the land of wonders.

An Egyptian traveller about 1200 B.C. thus describes the land of Zoan and Moses: "I arrived in the city of Ramses Miamun, and find it incomparable. Here the court resides; it is a pleasant place to live in. The fields are full of verdure; life passes on with ease. The canals abound in fish, the lakes swarm with birds; the meadows are green, the gardens full of vegetables. Lentils and melons, wheat, rice, tall and rich, onions, the vine, the fig-tree, fill the scene. Wine and honey flow in plenty, and the wealthy and the poor rejoice together." It was over this fair land that Moses led out his people, and it is no wonder that they sighed for its "flesh-pots." If the interference of the European nations can bring back such a scene of plenty and repose, the last conquest of Egypt will not have been in vain. Three thousand years and more have passed over the venerable land since its people rejoiced in peace. It would be well if they could be made free, united, prosperous.

EUGENE LAWRENCE.

FREE SWIMMING BATHS.

To the thousands of people who can not afford the time or money to make trips even to the near sea-side resorts in the hot summer months, the free baths maintained in New York are a priceless boon. They are thoroughly appreciated, and from the day they are thrown open to the public until they are closed, these establishments are crowded with eager throngs of grown people and children. Our sketch on page 548 represents the interior of one of these baths on a "women's day," when persons of the other sex are excluded. Of course a limited but sufficient time only can be allowed for each set of bathers, who at the ringing of a bell must give place to others. The sanitary value of these baths is so important that it would be economy for the city to greatly increase their number.

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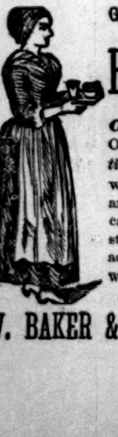

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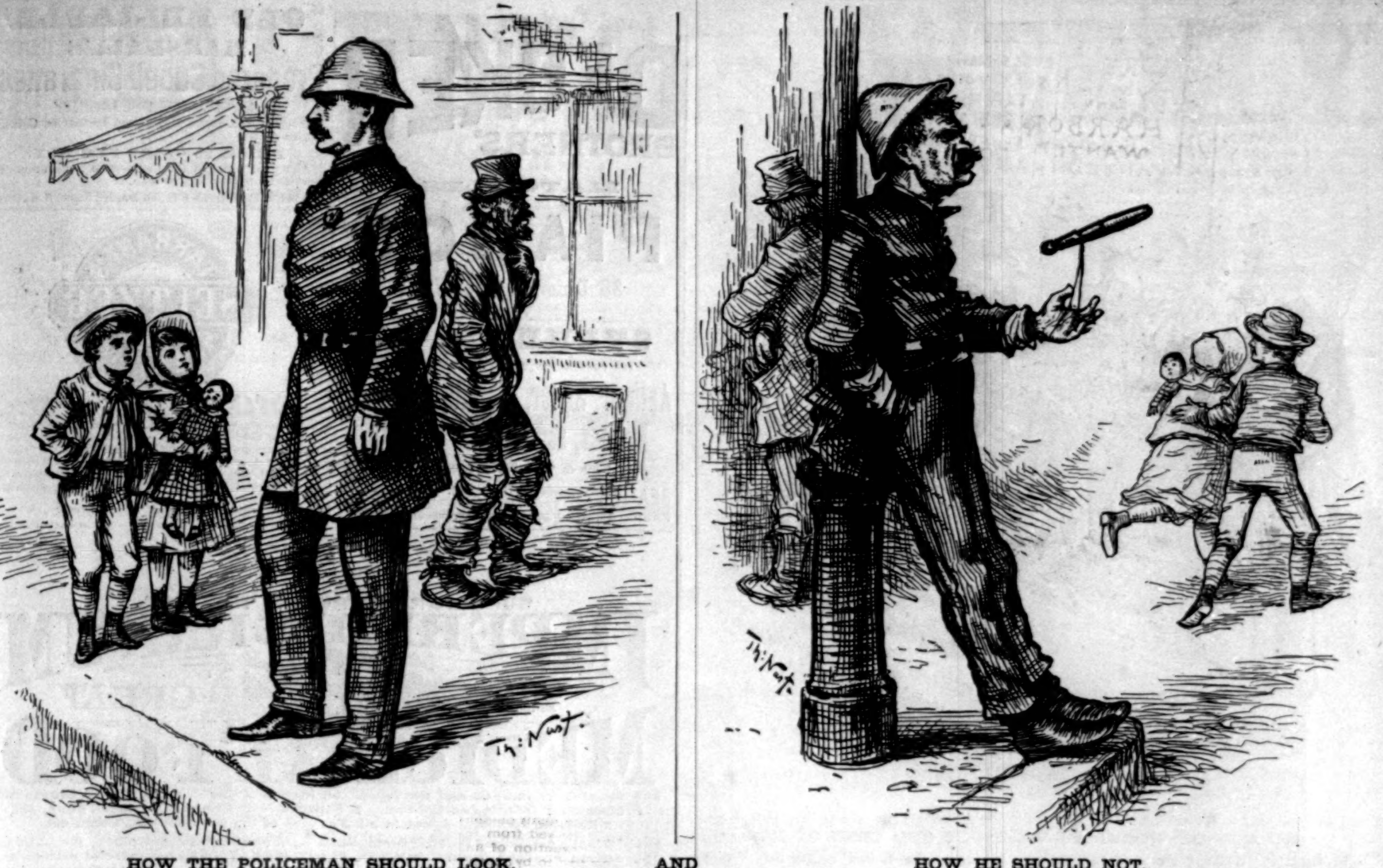
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